


Not True

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SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE, OF Literature and Art.

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This Magazine was begun in July, 1847, and during the brief period of its existence, has risen so rapidly in public favor, as to already have become a firmly-established

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ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY CELEBRATED AMERICAN PAINTERS,

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in a style no way inferior to anything of the kind now published.

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(See third page of cover.)

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December

THE UNION MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1848.

SIGHT-SEEING IN EUROPE.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. V.—From Paris to the Alps.

MAY 25.—The route from Paris to Marseilles has an evil reputation, not because robbers frequent it, but from the various disagreeables of the way—its length—its sameness—its total lack of interest—and the nature of the conveyances used on it. Everybody sympathizes with everybody who is obliged to traverse it. The best mode is to travel post—that is, for those who can afford this expensive way; but the more usual is to go by vetturino, one person taking you in charge, and travelling a certain distance each day, passing the nights at various points specified beforehand. This last is, of course, very slow, since the same horses, two, three, or four, as the case may be, go the whole distance. Neither of these modes suiting our plans, we engaged places in the diligence, securing the best seats by applying two or three days beforehand. The diligence is a most unpromising-looking affair, huge, cumbrous, and unwieldy, loaded on top with a quantity of luggage, stowed with mosaic precision, in order to make place for as much as possible, and drawn by five horses, with rope traces, and harness that looks as if it might have been made in the time of King Clothaire. Inside you have three separate and distinct apartments; one in front, with glass on three sides, called the *coupé*, which holds three persons; then the main body, called the *interieure*, holding almost any number, as it seemed to us; and, still behind, a place called the *rotonde*, which our courier, who occupied a seat in it, assured us was a "*vrai purgatoire*," for heat and dust, and evil odors, being occupied, as he declared, "*Vid peop dat nevair wash himself, and dose nasty monks*." The *coupé*, which we had been fortunate enough to secure for ourselves, is a very comfortable place; and when we found that we not

only had the full advantage of the prospect, but travelled very rapidly, and over an excellent road, we were fully content with the course we had adopted, spite of all the warnings and sad prognostics of our friends. The bugbear of the way is the passing of the night in the diligence; but, strange to say, although by no means very robust, or experienced travellers, we passed not only one, but two nights in succession in it, between Paris and Chalons, without experiencing any ill effects; and the second night was quite as easy as the first, because, being more fatigued, we were able to sleep soundly. The seats are roomy, and well cushioned, and there are straps for support, so that one usually makes out to get a tolerable sleep, waking up now and then when the coach clatters into some town, and the horses are changed, an operation which is usually the occasion of a good many words. Those wakings in the night affect one curiously. The towns and villages in which they generally take place have extremely narrow streets; and, in the confused state in which one generally is on being suddenly aroused, with the deceptive lustre of starlight, every little place seems a collection of palaces, or castles, grand and mysterious enough for the most romantic fancies. The villages in France are all little cities. There is no appearance of rural life about them. They are built of stone, and close on the street, and huddled together, as if for mutual protection in time of war. There are no piazzas, or even porches; nothing that looks like country life at home. Now and then a door will have a vine trained above it; but in general the only shade is derived from the height of the houses, and the narrowness of the streets. The inhabitants sit at their doors in the latter part of the day, generally sewing, knitting,

or tending baby, looking as much at home in the street as any where, at which we did not wonder, after we had seen the interior of the houses.

We thought the road from Paris to Chalons had been undervalued, in all the accounts we had heard or read of it. The country is not particularly picturesque, but it is far from being devoid of interest. The earlier portion is somewhat tame and level; highly cultivated, however, and bearing marks of comfort and thrift. Here and there we come upon an old town or village, that transports us at once back to the middle ages, with great walls, and houses that look each like a fortification, and gates grand and elaborate enough for the times when kings sat in them. The country was in its first and freshest green; the foliage in all the shine of its unfolding; and the peasantry were busy, and looked contented. We were delighted with our journey, and when we reached Chalons, after having been thirty-four hours in the diligence, we congratulated ourselves upon having chosen that mode of conveyance.

Chalons-sur-Saone did not seem to us a very charming place, for we were driven into a shocking stablish sort of hole, at three o'clock in the morning, and there obliged to sit in the coach while the custom-house affairs were settled, and various preliminaries arranged, before we could go on board the steamer, that lay just below, at the wharf. At daylight we were released, and hastened on board, hoping for a comfortable nap, and a place in which to wash and dress for breakfast. But comfort is a word unknown in a French steamer. The accommodations on board were of the scantiest character. For washing we were shown a curious sort of urn, from which dripped, after much solicitation, a stream of water about as large as a straw, into a horribly-dirty basin, already full of other people's washings. Our efforts at this unique fountain would have amused an impartial spectator, but were somewhat annoying to ourselves, fatigued and disappointed as we were. Breakfast was served as at a restaurant, each person calling for what he preferred; but the bread was poor, and the butter uneatable, being curiously flavored with both cheese and garlic. No berths on board, so we made lairs of hard cushions and our carpet bags, and stole a little sleep, not much better than that which we had managed to snatch in the diligence. The banks of the Saone have a quiet beauty; and thriving towns, which occur frequently, show well on a back ground of mountains, the Charola's and Bourbonnais, as they told us. Macon, a great wine district, and the birth-place of Lamartine, is not far below Chalons. Murray's guide-book declares that the Jura Mountains ought to be in full view on the left all day from Chalons to Lyons; but they were certainly off duty on our particular day, for we could see

nothing like them until the afternoon, when we named two clouds after them, which stand as their lieutenants in our imagination, although we shall forever remain uncertain whether they had substance or not.

Trevoux interested us, from having been the seat of the learned Jesuits, who sent forth several important works early in the eighteenth century; and it is also a beautiful place, hanging on the side of the mountain, with its old castle looking down upon it, stately even in decay. But the most striking feature of the Saone is the bridges, which, for elegance and costliness, can hardly be equalled, in any similar position, in the world. Yet even these substantial structures are sometimes carried away by the great floods of this region.

The approach to Lyons is really magnificent, through steep and high banks, clothed with the richest cultivation, and ornamented with costly residences. We were surprised by the grandeur of the scenery, for we had but one idea of the entire region, which was that of a commercial tameness, so to speak—a sacrifice of every beauty to business considerations, *à l'Americaine*. But Lyons having, like New-York, a mighty river on either side, and being guarded, as it were, by the immense heights of Fourvières, sits like a crowned queen, seeming to look down upon the swarming crowds that bring wealth and power to her feet. Superb quays and bridges, and great rows of store-houses, of immense size, give a majestic tone to the river banks, and warlike defences add to this not a little; so that you are ready at first sight to set down the great commercial emporium of France as one of the grandest cities you have seen. But once within it, the illusion ends. Narrow streets, whose vileness can hardly be described in exaggerated terms, drive out of mind the fine exterior of the city; and you wonder, as you pick your way, painfully, how the well-dressed people you meet find courage to set foot out of doors. The women, who were, as usual, walking about the streets, as much at ease without bonnets as if they had been in their own houses, were remarkably ugly—the unusual prevalence of flat or snub noses struck us particularly. We visited the cathedral, the stained windows of which constitute almost its only attraction. They pretend that Becket lodged in the palace adjoining, but there is no reason to believe this. A more interesting fact is, however, well avouched, viz.: that, in the dungeons beneath, two martyrs were immured during the persecutions under Antonine, one of whom died there, and the other was cast to the wild beasts of the amphitheatre. The later immolations at Lyons, those of the Revolution, are too well remembered to need recalling here. Collet d'Herbois was the most infamous actor in these

wholesale tragedies, and his name is execrated in Lyons accordingly.

We had found the steamer on the Saone so uncomfortable, that the prospect of going as far as Marseilles in a similar one was intolerable: so we decided upon taking our beloved diligence again, and, crossing at once to Turin, giving up Avignon and Nismes for the sake of reaching Rome three or four days sooner, as the weather was becoming very warm. We took our places accordingly at six in the morning, and left Lyons without regret, though we had entered it with pleasure. We set it down among the whited sepulchres, fair to look upon, but abounding in all corruption. If cleanliness be next to godliness, the people there must be singularly wicked. We ought in justice to say, that as far as the inside of our hotel went—the Hotel du Nord—we had nothing to complain of except men-chambermaids; but the only sweet thing in the streets was the music of two poor little wandering Italian boys, the youngest hardly bigger than Tom Thumb, who, with each a violin, came and sang and played under our windows like errant angels. They are probably submerged ere now.

Charming scenery between Lyons and Chambéry; mountain passes rushing rivers, convents, castles, pretty, slender campaniles, and very good-looking peasantry. At Pont-chéry, where we took our early café-au-lait, the fair dame who presided placed a great bunch of roses dripping with dew in the middle of the table, telling us in soft Italian that she had just gathered them for us, and that we must take them with us in the carriage. Morestel is picturesque, like all the continental towns we have seen, and just beyond is an old castle, which has been fitted up and put in apple-pie order by a Lyons merchant, who uses it as his country-house. If its builder could look up!—

Pont de Beauvoisin is the frontier town on this route, and a French custom-house on one side the river, stares across at its Sardinian brother on the other. A dirtier little nest need hardly be than this town, and there we were cooped up in a stable-yard while our baggage was examined by sundry officials, who were seemingly glad of something to relieve the tediousness of lounging about and smoking, with no earthly thing to do, now that wars and rumors of wars have frightened home all travellers but ourselves. But *messieurs the doganieri* of the King of Sardinia treated us with great courtesy, merely opening our trunks and carpet-bags, and slipping in their fingers very genteelly here and there, though what inducements to courtesy our courier may have offered them we did not think it prudent to inquire. Taking a volume of Alfieri from the top of one of the trunks, monsieur observed: “*Vous portez de la poesie,*” and replaced it with great

respect, so we passed the ordeal triumphantly, and repaired to the inn for our dinner, which the *conducteur* desired us to finish *aussi to't que possible*, as he wished to proceed. The feast was not such as makes one linger, though the variety was more than sufficient; but when it was over, the conductor had vanished. We walked about—we inquired—we wondered—we fretted. By-and-by the official appeared, but he was in despair, for a mail for which he was obliged to wait had not yet arrived, and we must have patience. So we went into the cathedral, which is never far off in a French town, and there we saw some very showy frescoes, and some other matters not worthy of special note. But in passing a side door, we caught sight of a fair-faced nun at a window in an adjoining building, whose pretty garden we had been admiring, and were seized with a violent longing to see the inside of the convent. The *sœur portrice* received us with great courtesy, and introduced us to the Superior, who showed us the fine prospect from a window, including the grand Chartreuse covered with snow, but did not seem inclined to open the penetralia for us. Yet we saw enough to make us almost long to take places with her—the calm seclusion, the lovely position of the convent, and the sweet, healthy and cheerful looks of the two nuns we saw. There is a strange fascination about the conventual life; we consider it but a poor, starved, cowardly way of being good, but the romance of the outward aspect is such, that we would never send a daughter to a nunnery for education, let the sisters be never so charming and accomplished.

We waited at Pont de Beauvoisin two mortal hours after we had finished our dinner, our *conducteur* protesting that he did not dare proceed without his mail, though we strongly suspected that his disposition to frolic with the young men about the inn was more potent in detaining him than his government responsibilities. At length we got off, however, and the road soon became such as to make us forget all vexations. La Chaille is the name of a portion of the way, which equals in interest almost any mountain scenery we have yet seen; and the road by which we pass this grand defile is itself one of those miracles of human skill and industry which one finds so often on this side the world. Much of the way has been blasted from the solid rock, and several of the zig-zags are supported by huge bodies of masonry, that look as if they would outlast the mountains. Below, there is a wild mountain torrent, so far down that its music is scarcely heard. You look at it over the fearful precipice, and almost doubt whether it moves. This is the Guiers Vif, the same stream which the good nun had pointed out to us from her window, and you follow it to Les Echelles, a little village of but small attraction.

After this, the road grows wilder and wilder; mountains close around you; frowning brows overhang your path; horrid gulfs yawn below. The road is however too good to allow you a moment's apprehension, and you are almost fearing that all this charmingly-exciting scenery will too soon flatten out into dull plains covered with grain and dotted with farm-houses, when you find yourself all at once completely enclosed—evidently at a dead stop; mountains on every side, with no means of egress. This is the moment of triumph for the conducteur. He shows you your position and its hopelessness, and when you have been suitably appalled, points out to your wondering gaze what appears a mere mouse-hole in the corner of the precipitous rock which shuts you in. This proves to be a grand tunnel through the mountain—a *grotte*, as the French poetically call these common-place affairs—commenced by Napoleon for the passage of his armies, but finished by the King of Sardinia, some thirty years ago. It is a thousand feet long, and large enough for two great diligences to pass, with room to spare. You do not emerge upon smooth country after passing this strait, but still find mountain scenery for some distance. A little waterfall, alluded to by Rousseau, who spent much time in this neighborhood, is the most noticeable point of the route just here; but if he had not praised it, it may be doubted whether it would have found its way into the note-books of ordinary travellers.

We drove into Chambéry at ten o'clock at night, and received a magnificent impression from the walls, arcades, and trees, among which we wound for some time before reaching our hotel. Among the grand features were some elephants, as large and as natural as life, which met our wondering gaze as we crossed a public square of this Savoyard town. What they should be doing there, even in stone, we could not conjecture. There are four of them, facing four different ways, and spouting water for the use of the citizens, and all would be very well if they only had bodies. But unfortunately they have only each a head and a pair of fore-legs, while the structure out of which they pretend to be coming, is too contracted to allow the most brilliant imagination room to construct corresponding remainders. So they look like Baron Munchausen's horse after he had been cut in two by the portcullis of the enemy's town. This fountain and many other public works, Chambéry owes to one of her citizens, who made a fortune in India, and returned to enrich and beautify his native town, which holds his name in due honor—De Boigne makes almost as much of a figure in Chambéry as the Duke does in London. You meet him every where in some shape or other.

Chambéry is beautifully situated, surrounded

with hills, and rendered interesting by many old buildings. Our hotel was "grand, gloomy, and peculiar" enough for a castle of the middle ages. One sees as many shadows, and hears as many suspicious noises, in such a rambling old place, as the heroines of Mrs. Radcliff's novels used to do, but no fair nun or venerable senior comes to pilot one through the labyrinth of arched passages by the light of a trembling lamp. On the contrary, a huge, bearded fellow lights you up stairs, and not only so, but arranges your room, and is quite surprised if you insist upon seeing any other chambermaid. This fashion of men chambermaids is universal here, and it is difficult to become accustomed to anything so completely foreign to our notions. But there is no contending against Fate or fixed customs, so we submit with the best grace we can muster, and learn in time to find such novel chaperonage much less offensive than some other things about foreign lodgings.

At Chambéry we heard what is called a mass *militaire*, in the Cathedral, which is a building of some pretensions, though not rich in works of art. About two thousand soldiers were marched into the church, drums beating and colors flying. A double line was formed up the middle of the nave, the pioneers taking their places—axes, leather aprons and all—nearest the altar, while the standards were planted a little lower down, and the band near the door. After a while, the general and his staff entered, and marching with heavy tread between the files of men with presented arms, took their stand in front, when the mass began. The signals for certain portions of the ceremony, usually given by the bell, were here made by beat of drum, a startling novelty in a place of worship. At the elevation of the host the word of command was given, and the men grounded arms with a heavy clang, and knelt on one knee, holding the back of the right hand to the brow. This scene was so impressive, that we almost forgot the incongruity of it. After the mass, some three or four of the officers being about to be promoted, were led by the general up near the altar, where each, kneeling, read and subscribed an oath, which was afterwards signed by the commanding officer and the priest; each officer, before he took the oath, unbinding his sword and giving it to his commander, who returned it to him formally afterwards, he devoutly kissing the hilt as he received it. The whole ceremony, including the mass, was performed with a truly military brevity, but it was one of the most interesting of the kind we have witnessed.

Spending Sunday at Chambéry, we walked out in the afternoon, and seeking one of the eminences by which the town is hemmed in, we found eight little chapels or shrines at equal distances along the way, each with its picture of one of the suffer-

ings and humiliation of the Saviour, and at the top a sort of temple, within which could be seen a dead Christ and other symbols of Catholic worship. Over the door was an inscription purporting that whoever should pray before each of the stations on this Calvary, should be entitled to the same indulgences which would belong to the performance of a similar duty at the stations at Jerusalem. Accordingly a number of poor people, both men and women, were on their way up, kneeling at each shrine for some time, and making a prolonged stay at the uppermost chapel, after which they returned with evident buoyancy, feeling that they had performed an acceptable service.

On the same hill, a little lower down, are two churches, one an ancient one, built on the site of a heathen temple, the other belonging to the convent of Our Lady of the Visitation, a pretty church, much ornamented by the labors of the nuns. A charming-looking woman opened the door for us, and showed us, with an air of the purest and most simple faith, a waxen image, which, she assured us, contained the bones of Santa Modesta, found in the catacombs of Rome. The figure was that of a beautiful young woman, richly drest in velvet and gold embroidery, the head thrown back so as to disclose a gash in the fair neck, the legend stating that the saint suffered decapitation. The nun looked upon it with beaming eyes, and told us that the convent possessed the bones of another saint, but had not yet placed them in the church, not being able to array them properly. She showed us all that was remarkable in the church, and we then asked to see the interior of the convent. To this she acceded very readily, and showed us into a parlor plainly furnished, and decorated with a portrait of St. François de Sales, and a little glass case containing a representation in wax of the Nativity. Common wooden chairs were along the walls, but there were two large fauteuils for the use of visitors, and these were placed facing a double grating which ran across the middle of the room. A sliding shutter was drawn before the greater portion of this grating, leaving open only what seemed a sort of window, at which, after some little delay, appeared the Superior and another nun, clad in flowing black robes, and the close cap and chin-piece of the order. They received us with great politeness, and readily entered into conversation on such subjects as we chose to introduce. The Superior told us that the other nun was an Englishwoman, who had been sent when a child to a convent school. There she became converted, and immediately felt a great anxiety for the salvation of her family, and with this view took the vows. This sacrifice was rewarded by the conversion of her parents

and their children, and they had all subsequently removed to Savoy for the enjoyment of their religion. The English nun had almost entirely lost the use of her native tongue, having been in the convent more than thirty years. All this was told in good faith, and the countenance and manner of the speaker were of the most prepossessing kind. One becomes almost bewildered in listening to such stories from such people. Right and wrong, religion and superstition, are in danger of becoming confounded in our minds; but a little further conversation generally discloses the deficient development of the reasoning faculties of these devotees, and also the traces of the heavy yoke of authority under which they have been educated. When the fundamental principle is the renunciation of the right of private judgment, we learn to understand how people may say the least credible things without suspicion of falsehood or hypocrisy. These nuns were charming women—the English one the least attractive—but we could not from their conversation draw favorable conclusions as to the faithfulness of their spiritual directors and instructors.

When we took our leave, we made a small offering, which was accepted for the Church; but when we came to part with the fair-faced nun who had been our chaperone, she declined receiving anything, with a countenance and manner which made us ashamed that we had offered money. She said she would pray for us, having been much shocked at finding we were Protestants,—while we, on our part, would gladly have converted so interesting a creature to a faith which would allow her the full use of her fine natural powers. She was an *extérieure*, not *cloîtrée*, which accounts for her waiting upon us, as the Visitandines do not go out.

The parish church on the same hill is said to have been built on the site of an ancient temple of Mercury, a caduceus in marble, with some other emblematic remains, having been found there.

There are other Roman relics in Chambéry, but they are too indistinct to be interesting to any but the antiquary. The remains of an old ducal castle are more striking; and a shady garden on the same height, and the beautiful view from it, pleased us best of all. We did not visit the cottage of Les Charmettes, where Rousseau once lived; but one who did, brought us the inscription of some enthusiast:

Reduit par Jean Jacques habité
Tu me rappelles son génie,
Sa solitude,—sa fierté—
Et ses malheurs, et sa folie,
A la gloire, à la vertu,
Il osa consacrer ses jours;
Il fut toujours persécuté
Ou par lui-même ou par l'envie.

After leaving Chambéry we pass Mont Grenier, a slide from which once overwhelmed sixteen villages; and a little later, on the banks of the Isère, the chateau Bayard, whose massive walls doubtless once looked eternal to the infant chevalier, who little dreamed that his own fame would far outlast them. They are now but a mass of ruins. The castle of Montmeillan, once the key of Savoy, is now barely distinguishable; its ruins are as much like rocks overgrown with briars, as like towers and bulwarks. But the interest of this route to Turin is the Arc, one of the finest mountain torrents in the world, tremendous indeed, when swollen by the spring floods from the mountains, as we saw it. The road follows its margin all the way to Lans-le-bourg, at the foot of Mount Cenis; and as we made it in a night so dark that the white way-marks which

served as warnings against the river's brink were our only guides, we shall long remember the Arc. The noise of the waters, and the occasional gleam thrown on them by our lamps, gave an impress of weird sublimity to the scene; and when after a short sleep these attracted the attention, it was difficult to repress a thrill of awe, not to say fear. But the night was short, and the sun rose in splendor as we reached Lans-le-bourg, an odd-looking collection of stone houses, with a hotel odder than all, where our *café au lait* awaited us, with the accompaniment of dry and rather brown rolls, the butter being uneatable. One gentleman of the company, a foreigner, insisted upon having soup: and when we saw him fill it with bread, and add a large spoonful of strong grated cheese, we thought his breakfast odd enough even for Lans-le-bourg.

THE DEATH - SONG.

BY MRS. S. M. DORR.

THERE was heard a song of triumph,
Swelling richly on the air;
Well might those soul-thrilling numbers
Rouse the fainting from despair.
Loud and clear the notes were pealing—
Joyfully the strains rang out;
But 't was not the conqueror's pæan,
Or the warrior-hero's shout!

'T was the Death-Song of the Christian?
Darkness brooded o'er the deep—
Madly raved the foaming waters,
And the wild winds would not sleep!
And a gallant bark was tossing
On the billows, to and fro,
Now a mountain-wave ascending,
Plunging now in depths below!

Well the hardy seamen labored—
Well the brave ones bore their part;
And, ere morn lit up the waters,
Hope's bright beams illumed each heart:
For the wild storm raged no longer,
And old Ocean was at rest;
And the stately ship was lying
Quietly upon her breast.

But a sudden cry of terror
Made each lip turn ghastly pale!
Strong hearts quailed, whose courage never
Failed, when round them howled the gale:
For their bark was sinking slowly,
While the sea was calm and still—
While not e'en the zephyr playing,
Did the snowy canvass fill!

Quickly was the helm forsaken—
Quickly was the life-boat manned;
'Mid the terrors of that death-calm,
Who may hope to reach the land?
From the ship the boat was loosened,
Eagerly the oars were plied;
Far away ere long it floated,
O'er the smooth and glassy tide!

Some, upon the deck remaining,
Found no room within the boat!
All of earthly hope departed,
As they saw it onward float.
Sank their spirits in that hour?
Drooped they then in sad despair?
No! 'Then rose that song of triumph,
Swelling richly on the air!

Far across the silent waters
Rang those notes, so sweet and clear!
And their comrades, in the life-boat,
Rested on their oars, to hear.
Loud and louder swelled the anthem;
Breathed it still of hope and joy,
For the trust in God, that cheered them,
Death nor danger could destroy!

And their voices never faltered,
As the waters round them rose:
Upon God their hopes were resting—
Nought could break their calm repose.
And the Christian's Death-Song echoed
Far and wide the billows o'er,
Till the blue waves gathered round them,
And the ship was seen no more!

W O M A N .

A Fragment from an Unpublished Manuscript.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD

WITHIN a frame, more glorious than the gem
To which Titania could her sylph condemn,
Fair woman's spirit dreams the hours away,
Content at times in that bright home to stay,
So that you let her deck her beauty still,
And waltz and warble at her own sweet will.

Taught to restrain, in cold Decorum's school,
The step, the smile, to glance and dance by rule,
To smooth alike her words and waving tress,
And her pure *heart's* impetuous play repress,
Each airy impulse—every frolic thought
Forbidden, if by Fashion's law untaught,
The graceful houri of your heavenlier hours
Forgets, in gay saloons, her native bowers,
Forgets her glorious home—her angel birth—
Content to share the passing joys of earth ;
Save when, at intervals, a ray of love
Pleads to her spirit from the realms above,
Plays on her pinions shut, and softly sings
In low *Æolian* tones of heavenly things.

Ah! *then* dim memories dawn upon the soul
Of that celestial home from which she stole ;
She feels its fragrant airs around her blow ;
She sees th' immortal bowers of beauty glow ;
And faint and far, but how divinely sweet,
She hears the music where its angels meet.

Then wave her starry wings in hope and shame,
Their fire illumines the fair, transparent frame,
Fills the dark eyes with passionate thought the while,
Blooms in the blush and lightens in the smile :
No longer then the toy, the doll, the slave,
But frank, heroic, beautiful, and brave,
She rises, radiant in immortal youth,
And wikkly pleads for Freedom and for Truth !

These captive Peris all around you smile,
And one I've met who might a god beguile .
She 's stolen from Nature all her loveliest spells .
Upon her cheek morn's blushing splendor dwells,
The starry midnight kindles in her eyes,
The gold of sunset on her ringlets lies,
And to the ripple of a rill, 't is said,
She tuned her voice and timed her airy tread !

No rule restrains *her* thrilling laugh, or moulds
Her flowing robe to tyrant Fashion's folds,
No custom chains the grace in that fair girl,
That sways her willowy form or waves her careless curl.
I plead not that she share each sterner task ;
The cold reformers know not what they ask ;
I only seek for our transplanted fay,
That she may have—in all *fair ways—her way* !

I would not see th' aerial creature trip,
A blooming sailor up some giant ship,
Some man-of-war—to reef the topsail high—
Ah! reef your *curls*—and let the *canvass* fly !

Nor would I bid her quit her 'broidery frame,
A fairy blacksmith by the forge's flame :
No! be the fires *she* kindles only those
With which man's iron nature wikkly glows :
"Strike while the iron 's hot," with all your art,
But strike *Love's* anvil in his yielding heart !

Nor should our sylph her tone's low music strain,
A listening senate with her wit to chain,
To rival Choate in rich and graceful lore,
Or challenge awful Webster to the floor,
Like that rash wight who raised the casket's lid,
And set a genius free the stars that hid.

Not thus forego the poetry of life,
The sacred names of mother, sister, wife !
Rob not the household hearth of all its glory,
Lose not those tones of musical delight,
All man has left, to tell him the sweet story
Of his remembered home—beyond the night.

Yet men too proudly use their tyrant power,
They chill the soft bloom of the fairy flower ;
They bind the wing, that would but soar above,
In search of purer air and holier love ;
They hush the heart, that fondly pleads its wrong,
In plaintive prayer or in impassioned song.

Smile on, sweet flower! soar on, enchanted wing !
Since she ne'er asks but for *one trifling thing*,
Since but *one* want disturbs the graceful fay,
Why let the docile darling have—*her way* !

ALL FOR THE BEST.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I DOUBT it."

"And so do hundreds who profess to believe it."

"All for the best? It cannot be! Is war all for the best?—war—cruel, bloody war?"

"I believe so."

"Horrible doctrine! Murder, rapine, cruelty, and all manner of wrong for the best! If I were to blow out your brains in a moment of passion, would that be all for the best?"

"Were a good not destined to arise from such an act of evil, you would not be permitted to do it; and, therefore, it would be for the best."

"Insanity!"

"I believe, the existing state of society *at any time*—no matter how disorderly, no matter how much wrong it may involve—to be the best state, because the one that expresses the internal quality of the men making up that society, considered in the mass; and therefore the one best calculated to re-act upon, correct and reform its evils. Do n't understand me as arguing for a palliating which is in itself evil; or as making the slightest apology for evil whatever."

"How else am I to understand you?"

"As arguing for the wisdom of Providence, that permits evils in an evil world, for the sake of good; who preserves even evil men in freedom, and turns their evil works to good account."

"Do you bring against God the charge of doing evil that good may come?"

"No. God is not the author of evil."

"But you make him so. If he permits it, is he not its author?"

"I leave you to answer that question to your own satisfaction. I have no doubts upon the subject myself. But I will ask you if evil does not exist?"

"Most assuredly, as we can all, with sorrow, testify."

"Does it exist without the permission of God?"

"I incline to the belief that it does."

"Is not God omnipotent?"

"He is."

"He cannot be if he have not power to prevent war, or the breaking out, into violence, of any evil passion of the human heart."

"I do n't know."

"Think. Take slavery, for instance, which those who plead for it and those who go for its immediate suppression, alike acknowledge to be an evil. God could have prevented men from bringing to the shores of this New World the degraded African."

"How?"

"He could have smitten with death or impotency every man who put forth his hand to touch the feeble negro with the cruel intent of enslaving him, and left him a monument and a warning to all whose lust of gain might tempt them to engage in the inhuman traffic. He controls the elements—the winds and the waves obey His voice. He could have so ordered it, that the sails of the slave-ship would hang drooping in the motionless air. Do you not believe this?"

"Yes."

"And yet He did not do it. You can therefore come to but one of two conclusions: either that God willed slavery to take place, or permitted it for a good end. If He permitted it, and it is plain that He did, it was that some great good might arise; and, therefore, I hold that even slavery, as great an evil as it is, is all for the best, and time will show it—in fact is showing it even now to all who will open their eyes and see."

"But, if I understand your views aright, you would make God's omnipotence extend even to the restraining of man's free-will. Now, I hold, that God can compel no man to do good or evil without destroying him."

"And so do I."

"If we agree in this, how can we stand so opposed to each other?"

"It is because you do not comprehend me. Let me make myself more fully understood. All who look at the history of the world can see, that there was a certain point in the declension of mankind from good, at which a pause took place; and that since that time, there has been a gradual, but steady return—that the great movement has been upwards. But, the strongholds of evil had to be broken up at every step, and evil was made to fight against evil, in the overthrow of hellish dominion every where established in the world. None but an All-wise, Omniscient, and All-merci-

ful Providence, could, in this wonderful process of world-regeneration, have restrained the evil within certain bounds, and preserved the good from destruction. That He has done so, is evident to all eyes. Look how the world has progressed and is still progressing, spite of evils that threaten to destroy every vestige of good. And He has done so, and at the same time preserved free the will of both bad and good. While the good were too weak to oppose the evil, one great evil was made to array itself against another, to the destruction of one, or the weakening of both. Thus wars have resulted in good to mankind. And I believe a war never has been permitted to take place, no matter how unjust, nor which party has conquered, that has not been, in the end, a blessing, rather than a curse. Man proposes, but God disposes. This, my friend, is the history of the world's elevation, and the history of every man's elevation is but a type thereof. It is just as true that all occurrences that affect an individual, are best for him, as that all things that take place in the world, are best for the world's progress towards a more perfect state."

"There is something specious in what you say, but I cannot believe it."

"Time will make it all clear to you."

"I very much doubt."

"Though I do not."

"Many things have happened to me that I cannot believe to be all for the best. I know it seems like doubting Providence; but I cannot help it. I have been hardly dealt by."

The conversation here given, took place between two men, one a little over thirty years of age, and the other fifty. The older of the two had, as might be supposed, the soundest views of life. He had lived longest, and through suffering, as well as observation, had grown wiser than most men become even through these means.

The younger man was named Wharton. He was in business, and had a family. At the age of twenty, he became enamored of a beautiful and sweet-tempered young lady, his cousin, to whom he was shortly afterwards married. This union promised great happiness, but, in the end, proved to be a source of the most exquisite pain. Not through the action of adverse tempers, not from any estrangement or diminution of love, but from deep afflictions, the fruit of their marriage.

The wife of Wharton was a pure-minded, loving woman, and the attachment that existed between them was of the strongest character. But, alas! in their children they were doomed to be sorely stricken. The first that came like a brighter gleam of sunlight across their sunny way, was a dear little girl, who blessed their hearts for only a single year, and then left them to blossom in another world. Dark was the shadow thrown

by this event across their hearts, and how bitter were the murmurings that fell from the father's lips, while in silence the mother bowed meekly her head in religious submission, and grieved for the one who was lost!

"It was cruel to rob us of our child!" fell unrestrained from the lips of the agonized father. But the mother answered:

"Oh say not so! It is a deep affliction, but in mercy sent."

They spake as they felt and thought. The one was a murmurer; the other subdued and patient.

Soon after this afflictive event, another child was born, and sorrow for the dead babe changed into an intense love for the new pledge of affection. It was an idol, and they worshipped it. Months passed, and the babe seemed strangely backward. There was a leaden aspect about its eyes that troubled the parents; and a want of tension in the muscles of its body that gave them feelings of uneasiness. At eight months old, it could not hold up its head, nor bear its own weight, and took but little notice of anything that passed. Other children of the same age were so far advanced, as to make this one appear almost like a new-born babe. The child was eighteen months old before it could stand alone, and then it was not able to articulate a single word. By this time, the hearts of the parents were filled with alarm. Suddenly had flashed upon them, the fear of idiocy in their offspring. Dreadful thought! It haunted them day and night. With what intense interest did they observe their child! how minutely were every expression of its face, and every change in its dull eyes, noted! and, often, imagination found gleams of intelligence where none existed.

Sadly, alas! too sadly, were all their worst fears realized. The child proved to be a hopeless imbecile. At four years old, it could express by words only a few physical wants, and all efforts to open a window in its mind, and let in lights, proved a vain task.

There is, perhaps, no affliction more severe than one like this. The discovery of his child's idiocy drove Wharton almost beside himself; yet did it not in the least abate, but added, rather, intense-ness to the interest with which his boy was regarded. It was a moving sight to see him, with a patience foreign to his natural temperament, devote hours each day in efforts to impart a knowledge of the most simple things; to teach him words and their signification; and when his labor was rewarded by never-so-small a gleam of intelligence, to observe how his eyes would brighten with hope. How often would he call the child's mother to witness some trifling evidence of dawning intellect—some little act that pre-supposed a thought! And yet, cheat himself as he would,

the stern truth of imbecility was ever before him.

And now came a new cause for anxiety; another babe was soon to appear. Two dear ones had already been given; but one was not, and the other was as good as lost to them. They would not, tenderly as their boy was loved, have been deeply grieved to see him sink peacefully into the arms of death. How many a tear did the mother shed, ere her babe saw the light; how many a sigh heaved the father's bosom, ere it was said to him, for the third time in his life: "A child is born unto thee!"

At last the stranger came, and in joy for its arrival the parents had forgot the fears that had troubled them. It was a beautiful child; and as the days and months of its innocent life went by, its eyes brightened, and its face beamed with intelligence. But, at its seventh month, a dreadful discovery was made—the ears of the babe were sealed! To them, the tremulous air brought no sound. Not even the voice of love could find an entrance within their portals.

For days the mother wept; and for even a longer time the wretched father shut himself up from the world.

"It is better so, than if he were like Edward," at length the mother said. "Let us be thankful that it is no worse."

That thought had not crossed the mind of Mr. Wharton; when suggested, his instant reply was:

"Yes, yes! a thousand times better! There is intellect there—a bright intellect, I am sure—though one of the ways to it be obstructed. Oh, Agnes! why are we so afflicted in our children? But we will be thankful that it is no worse!"

"Do we love them too deeply? Do we make idols of them?" said the mother. "But, no, no; children cannot be loved too well, if the love be guided by wisdom."

The little one gained strength every day. He was a forward child, and beautiful to look upon. But he could not hear. Only by signs could he express his wants, and it was long before this mode of communication could be established. From his second to his fourth year his mind expanded with wonderful rapidity. Then there was a pause. He became dull, and lost his interest in what had before given him delight; became solitary in his habits, and exceedingly passionate, almost vicious, when crossed.

Too well were the fears this change excited in the parents realized. In the short space of twelve months, all rational lights faded from the mind of the deaf mute; and with this change came the failure of health and gradual decay of the body. A year more, and he was with the dead.

To Mrs. Wharton, the shocks occasioned by the deeply-afflicting events we have detailed, proved

too severe. Her health sunk under them, and at the age of thirty, Wharton buried her; and Edward, the idiot boy, was soon placed by her side.

For three or four years, Wharton was a gloomy-hearted man. That portion of his life which should have been the brightest had proved the darkest; and when his thoughts rested thereon, he felt an inward shudder. It was during this period of sorrow and pain, that he so earnestly rejected the idea that all was for the best. He did not refer, particularly, to his own experience in proof of his position; he could not have done that. But, if his heart would have let him do so, he would have pointed to his idiot children, and asked triumphantly, if that were for the best? The case was a strong one, and his question would have been to the point. But it would have been fully answered; though not then, perhaps, to his satisfaction.

Five years from the time of his wife's death, Wharton married again, and, by this marriage, had three children—two sons and a daughter. As the mind of each innocent being opened to the light, the anxiety with which the father noted every sign of development may well be conceived. None knew the terrible fear that oppressed him—none knew the agonized intensity of his feelings. But, there was no cause for apprehension. The bright young beings who had derived their lives through him, had sound minds in sound bodies, and grew up into manhood and womanhood intelligent members of society. Both of the sons rose in early life to positions of great usefulness; and when the father's years were beginning to bear him down with their heavy weight, paths were opening for their feet to walk in, which, if trodden with diligence, would make them benefactors to the whole human race.

The conversation held many years before, on the overruling power of a wise and good Providence, now, sometimes, occurred to the mind of Wharton. There were things proposed in it that came back upon him with the force of conviction, although some events in his own life seemed dark, and unreconcilable with the idea of all being for the best. The individual with whom this and subsequent conversations on the same subject had occurred, still lived. He was well advanced in years, and had attained the true second childhood, to which appertains the innocence of wisdom—not mental imbecility, into which too many sink. They again met in this autumn of their lives. What passed between them then will illustrate all that has gone before. Let no reader be startled at one position which the old man assumed, but rather lay it up in his mind, and ponder it well.

"By this time," he said, referring to what had passed between them many years before, "you

have seen enough in your own life to satisfy you, that all is for the best. Few men attain your age without broad glimpses of this, truth if not a full conviction of it."

"I have had some broad glimpses, as you call them, I must own, but still I am far from being fully convinced," replied Wharton. "At times, in taking particular views of things, it seems to me that your position is correct; but other views create serious doubts. If there be an all-wise and good overruling Providence, everything ought to be for the best. But I own that I cannot see that it is."

"What hinders your seeing it? What event in your own life, viewed calmly, at this age, looms darkly up before your mental vision, and shuts out the light?"

Wharton was silent for some time, and then replied:

"I believe I can now speak of circumstances that occurred over thirty years ago, without painful emotions. I could not allude to them when we had the conversation to which you have referred, although they were in my heart. What I had suffered was too recent. I married, at an early age, a lovely young woman, my cousin, to whom I was deeply attached. She was of sound mind, and had a healthy body; and I was equally blessed. In fact, my father's family has always been distinguished for intelligence and physical health, and she was the daughter of my father's brother. Yet, strange to say, my first child died in a year, my second was an idiot born, and my third a deaf mute, who became imbecile in his fifth year, and died twelve months afterwards. All this proved too much for my wife, who sunk under it; and my idiot boy followed her to the grave soon after I laid her body in its last resting-place. Now, sir, this is what staggers me most. I have never yet been able to see how it was all for the best that my children should be born idiotic or incurably diseased. Read me the riddle if you can, and I will doubt no longer."

There was a long pause, and then came this question:

"Did it never occur to you, that there was a reason grounded in the very nature of things, as they now exist in the world, for the Divine law that prohibits the marriage of blood relations?"

"There is, doubtless, such a reason."

"Have you thought what it is?"

"The question never arose in my mind."

"Reflect calmly upon what I say, and see if I do not give you the true reason. You are aware of the immutability of this natural law—'Like produces like?'"

"Perfectly well."

"And this appertains to the highest of created things as well as to the lowest?"

"Of course."

"It is for this reason that the child resembles his parents both in body and mind, and inherits from them evil or good inclinations, according as the one or the other predominates."

"I believe it."

"In all families, you see certain general characteristics, and certain tendencies of the mind. In some, one class of affections rule, and in others another class. Evil affections, which every individual inherits, are antagonist to good affections, and are ever seeking to overcome them. There is, therefore, always great danger of man's freedom to choose between good and evil being destroyed; and this would inevitably take place, were he not held in this freedom by the merciful interposition of Providence. All Divine laws that relate to man look to the preservation of his freedom, for if that be once destroyed, he rushes to swift destruction. The preservation of his freedom to choose between good and evil, must, therefore, be involved in the laws of consanguinity, and be lost if these laws are violated. Now why is it, that the intermarriage of blood relations would destroy the human race? That is the grave and important question I wish you to look at."

"Can you answer it?"

"I think I can. Perhaps you are better able to see now, than you were many years ago, how wars and other direful evils that exist in the world are the very means by which worse evils are met and overcome. The whole human race, fallen as we see it, is kept in a sort of freedom by the conflict of evil powers and principles, and thus enabled to rise out of degraded states that otherwise would have been fastened upon portions of the world forever. These conflicts of evil with evil are not permitted to take place until such conflict either weakens both, or destroys one; and in the latter case, the dominant evil only rules for a certain time. Good, in fact, is impressing evil into its own service, and the great result is seen in time. It is a long, severe, and painful conflict; but it is, really, between good and evil, and the sword of evil is ever, really, turned upon itself, though there are times when it seems different. Now think of a like conflict going on in the mind of man between good and evil; and remember, that if he be not kept in perfect freedom, he must inevitably fall, and be lost forever. If his hereditary tendencies to evil be so strong that he cannot restrain them, he inevitably falls in this conflict, for he is not in freedom. The father transmits his ruling affections to his child, and the mother does the same; if these affections be alike, they must have a double force in the child, and inevitably destroy his freedom; if they be different, they will balance each

other, and aid in holding the child's mind in equilibrium. Can you see this?"

"I think I can."

"Take this example. Suppose the father have, naturally, a selfish love of ruling over others, and the mother have a like affection of the mind; is it not clear that the descendant of such parents would inherit the lust of ruling in an inordinate degree—so much so, indeed, as to make it almost impossible for him even to overcome it, or even to feel a desire to do so? But, suppose the mother, instead of having a desire to rule, were rather inclined to passive submission to the will of others; do you not see, that the child's character would be a better one, neither inclining to rule over, nor be ruled by others—but occupying the middle position of independence?"

"Clearly."

"As I have said, and as you doubtless know, in all families there are certain leading traits of character that spring from a predominant affection of the mind. Intermarriage would reproduce this affection with added intensity, and thus destroy man's freedom; and this is why it is forbidden. But the marriage of persons of opposite families, softens, subdues, and counteracts the ruling affections of each in their offspring. Do you now fully apprehend my meaning?"

"I believe I do."

"Very well. Now for its application to your own case. Can you bear it?"

"I can."

"Your wife was the child of your father's brother, and, therefore, you both inherited the same general features of mind—had a like ruling affection. I remember that you looked alike, and, also, that the resemblance was remarked by others."

"Well?"

"The body is formed by the mind, and unfolds it to the minutest particulars. The fact that your faces were alike, proves how much you must have been alike in your mind."

"Well?"

"Your children, therefore, inheriting no counteracting forces by which equilibrium is preserved, were imbecile, and died. It was wisely so ordered: for, if they had possessed strong intellects and had lived, they could not have been elevated above their evils, and must have necessarily perished forever. I will not ask you to admit this conclusion at once. But take it with you—ponder it well—and I have no fear of the result. In this matter, at least, you will most heartily acknowledge that *all has been for the best*."

What the conclusion of Wharton was, after thinking soberly of this matter, we will not say. In what was adduced for his consideration, there is much for reflection, and we leave it with those who may feel inclined to give it more than a passing thought.

THE DYING ROSE.

(From the German.)

BY MRS. ELIZABETH J. KAMES.

"Alas! for the Rose so early dying."

THE Queen of the Flowers sat on her throne,
But the rosy gems from her crown were falling,
A paleness over her beauty shone,
For she heard the death-spirit on her calling.
Lowly she bent her royal head,
And mourned in tones of plaintive sweetness,
That mortals should call her the fading rose—
The rose of early-perishing fleetness.

"Ungrateful world! do I not make
My span of life, though short, delicious?
Rich perfumes yielding, e'en after death,
Yet is there no bound to human wishes.
I see all my sister flowerets fade,
And their blighted beauty round me lying:
Yet only of me 't is sung and said,
'Alas! for the rose so early dying!'"

"Be not displeased with us, lovely one,"
Said a fair young maiden standing by her;
"T is not that thy race is so swiftly run,
But we wish thy destiny were higher.
We see all the flowers around us die,
And regret their fate; but their lovely sov'reign
We would crown with immortality—
All the flower-spirits around her hov'ring.

"Then call that not harsh, which is, in truth,
The promptings of true and tender affection;
And pardon the sorrow with which our youth
Sees, and proves in thee, but a sad reflection:
For all the beauty and joy of this life—
All the loves and hopes that our spirits cherish,
We compare to thee, and when they fade,
We say, 'Like the rose, how soon they perish!'"

THE MUSIC OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

Morning.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. E. F. ELLET

BY MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE.

"Our isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears: and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again."

THIS harmonious description by Shakspeare of his ideal island, is somewhat suitable to our neighborhood, for so fully are we possessed by the spirit of music, that one might think the soft enchantress had taken up her favorite abode among us. We are actually haunted (vinegar-souled misanthropists would call it *infested*) by the votaries of Apollo. Although we cannot boast quite a thousand twangling instruments, yet can we muster a goodly number. First, the cares and sorrows of another day on this sublunary sphere, are ushered in by a sweet morceau on the horn, which duly opens the programme; this finished, a congregation of pianos carry the day and flourish mightily, with occasional echoes of flutes, guitars, violins, &c. &c. Then, by way of variety, an accordeon in the rear insists on being heard, in company with a musical box of dulcet tone: Now it is their turn for a bevy of fair vocalists down the street to chime in, a couple of feathered warblers, one of whom has taken up his summer residence in a tree close by, responding cheerily with all their little hearts, in antiphonal style. This grand combination of talent continue their mutual exertions, with all kinds of voluntary and involuntary variations, until they are peremptorily silenced by the obstreperous notes of an overgrown trumpet in the next block, which wildly pours forth tocsin calls for dinner-battle. These are a few of our *local* musicians; but let it not be supposed, for a moment, that we are restricted to these alone, that we have no visiting brethren; no, indeed! On the contrary, we have lots through the day; nor is that sufficient, we have lots through the night also; for our slumbers must be disturbed by a set of marauding musical cavaliers who frequent our be-

wildered precincts, charming the dull ear of sleep, and awaking every dozing echo far and near. One instrument, I blush to own, we lack sadly—a bass-drum, to beat a reveille, and fill up the chance pauses. When the military drill in our neighborhood, they bring, to be sure, half a dozen with them; but as their stay is but temporary, and they do n't come every day, it avails us little; so I would just hint that a good enterprising drummer might win golden opinions and reap unfading laurels among us. In lieu of a drum, a gong of the first magnitude might suffice.

I know not what the opinions of other persons on the subject may be, but for me there is always a tinge of romance about every itinerant musician. Wanderers from far climes, how many a tale of sunny Italy or the heaven-touching Alps could some of them tell, if questioned by the voice of sympathy and kindness; but, poor fellows! they are strangers in a strange land, and so keep their budgets of hopes and fears pent up within their own bosoms. And in spite of the efforts of scoffers to laugh to scorn, and depreciate it, the itinerating profession is a very old, and a very respectable one.

The first professor I think of was Orpheus, a musician of high standing among the ancients, and celebrated for his unequalled skill in making trees dance by the power of music alone. This gentleman set out with his lyre on an itinerating excursion through Pluto's dominions, in order to collect money wherewith to ransom his beloved wife Eurydice, who was there forcibly detained. By unexampled perseverance and assiduity, he at length effected his cherished purpose, and she was released by Pluto, but only on the express stipulation that she should not look round until arriving

at the boundary line of his territory. But as they walked away together, Orpheus played so exquisitely, that she, poor weak woman, unable to control her vanity in his prowess, took one little peep behind, just to mark the effect he produced, and was instantly remanded by the arch tyrant, Pluto, and made captive forever.

Apollo, I name him with due deference, was another illustrious itinerant. He assisted Neptune materially in the building of Troy, and raised the entire walls thereof by the music of his harp; and another was Goldsmith, who made the tour of Europe by the single aid of his flute, and made it in very comfortable style too. And, not many years since, a lion, bearing the soubriquet, Wandering Piper, made a visitation of this country, and received vast sums of money for his performances, the principal part of which he devoted to charitable purposes on the spot. Here was a bit of superb mystery most refreshing to gossips, who revelled in the wonderful phenomenon of a musician making money to give away, while the majority of the craft can scarcely make enough to keep. But they were doomed to disappointment: their curiosity was not to be gratified—for he departed the country without, alas! leaving the least clue to his history, origin, or motive, and so throwing several inquisitive Yankees into the profoundest depths of despair. It has since been ascertained, however, that he was a Highland Chief, who had made a very large bet with a number of gentlemen, boon companions, that he could make the tour of America without betraying his incognito, support himself during his travels by his performances on the bagpipe, and give away large sums beside. All this he did: every one may remember the *furor* he created. A friend of his at the same time entered into a similar engagement, only the scene of his pilgrimage was to be France. This version of the story may not be quite correct in all its particulars, for such things are apt to get confused.

Prince Demetrius Casimir, in his history of the Osmons, relates a thrillingly romantic incident, in which a public musician figures largely. Sultan Murad the Fourth, at the capture of Bagdad, gave the cruel command to massacre all the inhabitants. During the horrible carnage, an itinerant Persian minstrel obtained from the officers of the Sultan, permission to appear in the prince's presence once before his death. Murad having commanded him to give a proof of his abilities in his art, the musician took a scheschta to accompany a plaintive song on the taking of the city, in which he adroitly introduced the praises of Murad. He performed it with so delightful a voice, and with so much pathos, that the Sultan could not restrain his tears, and issued orders to pardon the rest of the Bagdadians.

Ah, here comes my favorite organist, Pierre, with his organ. His patois proclaims him a son of Switzerland. Pierre is a fine-looking youth, with a dark glowing complexion, large lustrous black eyes, curling locks of jet, and the whitest teeth in the world. With your graceful, winning manners, and noble figure, my craft-brother, you only lack, among us *equalitarians*, the accident of high birth, to be likened unto the Apollo Belvidere. His story, although unadorned by any extraordinary incidents, is interesting, as being one case out of a thousand similar ones.

Upon an almost inaccessible peak of the Alps, is perched a very little cottage, nearly covered with clustering vines, which are kept in a state of the most delicious verdure by the dancing spray of a silver cascade, which precipitates itself from a neighboring mountain. This little cottage is the birth-place of Pierre, and the home of his parents and tribe of brothers and sisters, who are not a few. Poverty dwells with them as a constant guest; but so accustomed have they become, through long subjection to it, to her *espionage*, that her presence is borne unrepiningly. Poor though this family are, for their only property is a few cows and goats, which find scant pasturage on the mountains, yet are they happy through mutual affection and content. If their resources are few, one comfort is, their wants are few also; and altogether they could get along very well, if it were not for the cold dreary winter,—but that causes many a hard tug for life.

Perched on just such another mountain-peak, is just such another cot, and in it dwells Annette, (how my friend Pierre's eyes sparkle at that magic name!)—Annette, the prettiest shepherdess in the whole canton—she, whose morning-carol is the sweetest, and whose step is the blithest, of all the gay maidens who lead their flocks, at dawn, to pasture. And never did azure eyes beam a brighter welcome than do those of Annette to Pierre, as he each morning appears, while yet the mists cap the mountains, and ere Sol has arisen to drink (thirsty rogue that he is!) the dew-drops from every floweret's cup, to conduct her charge to the shadiest spots and coolest springs of water; and, also, at sunset, as that electric password, "PRAISE YE THE LORD," resounding from peak to peak, recalls the shepherds and vine-dressers to their homes, he re-appears, to assist her in driving them homewards.

Sunset among the Alps, among the eternal hills—what a train of gorgeous imagery does it present to the mind—imagery which even the glowing pencil of a Claude were inadequate to picture! We seem to hear the evening song of the peasants, so beautifully sung by that poetess of heaven, Mrs. Hemans, and faintly mingling with the rich human voices, the tinkling of num-

berless silvery cattle-bells. From the unapproachable sublimity of their heights, which are illumed by the first sunbeam, and where the last lingers, as if loth to say farewell, to the lowliest flower blooming in their fertile valleys, the scenery of the Alps is a wilderness of unequalled magnificence and loveliness.

"Yon torrent, foaming down the granite steep,
Sparkles all brilliance in the setting beam:
Dark glens beneath in shadowy beauty sleep,
Where pipes the goatherd by his mountain-stream."

"If ever my earthly spirit has been roused to a more worthy contemplation of the Almighty Author of creation, it has been in such moments as these, when I have looked around on a vast amphitheatre of rocks, torn by ten thousand storms, and of Alps clothed with the spotless mantle of everlasting snow. Above me, was the clear blue vault of heaven, which, at such elevations, seems so perceptibly nearer and more azure; far below me, the vast glacier, from whose chill bosom issues the future river, which is there commencing its long course to the ocean; high overhead, those icy pinnacles, on which countless winters have spread their dazzling honors! Who is there, that could see himself surrounded by effects such as these, and not feel his soul elevated from nature to nature's God? Yes, land of the mountain and the torrent!—land of the glacier and the avalanche!—who—who could wander amidst thy solitudes of unrivalled magnificence, without catching a portion, at least, of the inspiration they are so calculated to excite? I wonder not that thy sons, cradled amongst thy ever-matchless scenery, should cling with such filial affection to the mountain-breast that nursed them, and yearn for their native cot amid the luxuries of foreign cities."

But to return to my story: This kind of life, pleasant as it is, cannot last forever. Eighteen winters have invigorated and perfected the form of Pierre; and upon the fair head of the gentle Annette have been showered the roses of sixteen summers. Pierre is almost a man, with no earthly mode of making a future livelihood; and then, as to Annette, a big clumsy fellow (for so Pierre calls him, although, in the opinion of the damsels in general, he is a remarkably fine-looking man) begins to make himself very plenty—too much so—at her father's cottage; and, worse than all, the old man evidently favors his suit—and why? Just because he owns a snug little farm in the valley beneath, and makes large promises—promises so huge that one may easily be sure that he meaneth not to keep the half of them. To be sure, Annette almost always manages to make her escape from him, to wander with Pierre to favorite spots; sometimes to watch the daring bounds of the chamois, at a vast height above them; and sometimes to the boundaries of deep, mysterious glens, the

haunts of fairies, whom they often distinctly hear singing; but still oftener to gather fragrant bouquets of the campanella, violet, and other delicate flowers, indigenous to the soil, with which he wreathes her hair, and with which she bedecks his button-holes, much to the discontent of Orliſſe, who has the aggravation of witnessing said decorations on their return. But, as I have said before, this kind of life could not last forever; the presence of the big clumsy rival made Pierre uneasy, and he bethought himself of a multitude of plans, by the which he might become master of a little dross; but, after long racking his brain, none appeared so feasible as the example of a speculative neighbor, who had realized quite a small independence by travelling through England with a hand-organ. Perhaps, as *his* fortune was made, he could be persuaded to lend the alchemic instrument. Brilliant idea! Full of the project, Pierre flew to Annette, to disclose his plan. She joyfully concurred with him in its practicability—the thought was splendid; could he but obtain a loan of the organ, he would go to America, a country which was literally paved with gold. Only one thing tormented Pierre: if he went, would she promise to be true to him?—would she favor the big ugly Orliſſe? No! how could he ask such a question; he knew that she hated Orliſſe, and true as the needle to the pole would she be to him. Together then, hand in hand, they trotted off to the abode of the retired musical tourist, at which they safely arrived, by dint of scaling a few long, dilapidated ladders, and crossing narrow natural bridges, over deep, roaring abysses. Melted by the pleading of Annette's blue eyes, and well knowing Pierre's honesty and carefulness, old Fritz lent the cherished organ, though not without very many strict injunctions for its preservation and safe return. Annette's father, at her urgent entreaty, consented to give her two years' grace (for that was the length of time to which Pierre limited his minstrellic aberrations) from the importunities of Orliſſe.

And now the sad moment of parting has arrived. It is early day, and never has the eye dwelt on a lovelier scene than is here presented. The sun's rays gild the leaves of the towering pines; every floweret looks as if re-touched by the pencil of heaven; the birds are singing gaily their welcome to light; and the majestic l  mmer-geyer, the kingly eagle of the Alps, is proudly skimming his path through ether; the mountains are echoing with the winding calls of the Seun's horn; and the deep torrents, as they impetuously rush on in their never-ending course, lift up their voices in concert with the universal chorus of holy thanksgiving! A flock of lambs are bleating for their mistress; but she, poor little Annette, heeds them not, but is sitting disconsolate on a high ledge, weeping as if her heart would break. On the

contrary, Pierre bears himself manfully ; for why should he not ? Is he not going out into the world to make a fortune—out into that great and happy world of which he has heard so much, and seen so little ?—And so he tells Annette ; and tells her, also, of impossible feats which he is to perform, and of incalculable riches which he is to bring her back. Poor boy ! with thy warm, sanguine heart, thou art about to combat with a world the very opposite to thy imaginings ; and full many a bitter pang art thou doomed to feel, ere thy task is accomplished. The usual quantity of tears were shed at parting, and the approved number of promises reciprocated. Simple creatures ! they had no fears for the future ; Hope's beacon-star shone bright above them ; the only pain felt by their innocent hearts, was that of separation ; but *that* pain was keen enough : two long years. Their tokens were exchanged—most expressive ones—the most so of any : a lock of either's hair, to be religiously worn until they meet again.

Pierre starts off, the organ firmly strapped on his back, a bundle suspended from a stick his only baggage, and Carlo, his dog, who obstinately refuses to be separated from him, after licking Annette's hand, and whining farewell, bounds after him. Pierre pauses not until at a safe distance from Annette's eyes, when he lays down his little bundle, and, resting the organ, plays the "Rans des Vaches," that Alpine touchstone. It is too much, his lip quivers, tears rush to his eyes, and poor Annette sobs aloud ; but this will never do—"Faint heart never won fair lady : " so, with a final wave of his cap, (the very same that he wears this minute, a little green one, without any front, and encircled by a red band,) a signal which she answers with a flutter of her apron, he disappears from her sight.

And now, after a long and weary voyage, a prey to those sorest distempers of the heart, homesickness and loneliness, he is among us. Many a privation he feels, many a time he lays his aching head on the cold earth, and many an unkind taunt, and cruel word, he bears patiently, for the thought of Annette warms his heart, and he is sure that her prayers follow him. Carlo has grown as thin as a rail, and his once flourishing tail, poor brute ! now droops despondingly, as he eyes askance a well-conditioned brother, munching daintily a choice bone—hopelessly he sneaks along,

"Carlo's occupation's gone ;"

but cheer up, old fellow, the hour before day is always the darkest ; and, if that rule stands good in your case, the best of times are certainly about dawning on you. There now, Pierre, said I not true ? Look you, there is a window opened, up the street, and a nice old gentleman beckons you

to approach. Run quick, and be sure you grind your very best ! Bravo ! what has he given you ?—a quarter ? May he live forever ! My dear craft-brother, you make a bow that would do honor to a prince, and display your white teeth charmingly. I am not at all inquisitive, you know, but what does the dear old soul say ? "Come in, and get your dinner ; and I wish you to come here and play for me every day." Ah ! Pierre can understand so much English—he learnt it on the way over ;—anyhow, the *heart* is quick to interpret the language of kindness, be it in Kamtschadalian or Hindostanee. Here he comes out again, smiling heartfelt thanks to his benefactor ; and Carlo licks his chops with a well-satisfied air ; success has added fresh fuel to the hope glowing in the bosom of Pierre. Go on !—go on !—the fortune will soon be won, and then, nurrah ! for home and Annette !

Here comes another musician—not a bit of romance is there about *him*—nay, that lackadaisical air is badly put on ; it will not impose on any one here. My friend, if you were only aware that performing in *our* neighborhood is like bringing coals to Newcastle, perhaps you would discontinue your inflictions. Ough ! if you *will* play, choose something else than that abhorred "Thou, thou, reign'st in this bosom !" Now a penny is thrown, and he drops the crank precipitately in the middle of a bar, to dive at it. That wicked boy has heated it red hot, and the poor man, with burnt fingers, which he hastily blows, resumes the bar at which he snapped off. *Misericordia !* an air from Norma : the miserable individual knows of no step between the ridiculous and the sublime ! Away ! away ! will nought do you to murder but that enchanting Deh Conte ? Our ears are distracted with thy din,—begone ! and forever ! Now there is a short respite from open-air music—a few moments which are ably filled up by a little local episode : a few doors off somebody is taking a singing-lesson :—

"Sol, la, si, do—o—o—o !"

"Brava, bellissima ! brava, Signorina !" vociferates Il Maestro, "si, that is very much nice. Brava !"

"So—o—o—o—l !" continues the pupil, who sings away zealously until thrown into the shade by a fresh attraction.

Room for a whole troupe—an Italian, monkey, wife, and other crying evils, in the shape of two small children. *Their* complexions tell, sure enough, of the sunny south, and its vine-clad hills ; but, as to the poetry of Italy, not a speck of it have they about them. I fear me much, their motives soar not above the acquisition of sordid gold ; and that they are no more than a party of Neapolitan lazaroni, on a concertizing spec. A fine notion they must have of the American

musical taste, to be sure, if they think to succeed. The man turns the crank of his instrument; but the enthusiasm which constitutes the chief charm of our friend Pierre's performances is wanting; the woman plays the tambourine, and sings. O, shade of Catalani, she *sings*! The children yell, and the only one of the party who enters with relish into the spirit of the entertainment, is the monkey, who dances and leaps, in the bright hope of making his teeth meet in the finger which a mischievous urchin is poking tantalizingly at him. Dance on, tempted pug, thou art not the only one getting a living by cutting capers; nor are thy motives less pure than those of many of thy human brethren.

They are off! Au revoir!

Now we are treated to a gleam of sunshine from a local amateur flute, acting as an emollient on our ruffled feelings.

Every profession has its technicalities and professional secrets. One secret, and a very important one, too, in the itinerating musical profession, is, that it is not always the best organ, or other instrument, that acquires the most mammon, by no manner of means. Two organists meet:

"How moosh moonish you make do tay, Hans?"

"I ish not make noting ad all."

"So! vy I ish make more as do tollar."

"Vell, vat for dat? mine ish de pest organ in de cidy, and blays de most dunes."

"Ha! ha! and mine ish de vorst—dat ish de reason I makes de moonish; *de beoples bay me for go vay!*"

For a short space now there is silence; but a very short space, however, for in the next street is heard the voice of a particularly shrill clarinet, apparently struggling in a paroxysm of the highest excitement. His *embellishments* to even the simplest air are so extremely florid, that it is well nigh impossible, amid the extraneous ornaments, for one to recognise the most familiar old friend. Fortunately he has turned down another street, and comes not this way.

A noon-day call from the trumpet—a very few notes though, for this gentleman is very chary of his execution, not caring to "waste his sweetness on the desert air," but barely yielding enough to call forth ebullitions of joy from every rheumatic patient in our neighborhood. Perhaps some persons may yet be ignorant of the fact, that the trumpet is an effectual exorciser of rheumatism. Asclepiades, a noted physician of antiquity, whom, of course, no sensible person would presume to contradict, has proven, beyond a doubt, that the obstreperous music of this instrument is of incalculable value in the cure of afflicted joints; and not only that, but that it is a sovereign remedy for many other diseases likewise. It must have acted on the homœopathic principle in the case of

Mozart, who would turn pale, and nearly fall into convulsions, whenever the trumpet was sounded in his presence, nor, in spite of its great usefulness in the orchestra, were his prejudices ever entirely removed. A similar antipathy existed in Haydn against the serpent, a newly-invented bass instrument, which he first saw on his visit to England. When it was played for him, he manifested great horror and dislike, and, at the conclusion of the performance, for he had that due courtesy, so *seldom* practised, to reserve his remarks till the conclusion, inquired the name of the formidable monster. On being told that it was named the serpent, he exclaimed, with great naïveté, "Ah, dat not de serpent dat dempted Eve." An anecdote of Corelli, the illustrious composer and violinist, may not be inappropriate here. He was once performing a solo on the violin, at the mansion of his great friend, Cardinal Ottoboni, when he observed the cardinal and another person talking. Corelli immediately laid down his instrument, and, being asked the reason, replied, that "he feared his music disturbed the conversation." If this example were to be much followed now, it is to be feared that very little beyond the first bars of any piece would be heard. On another occasion he was interrupted in the execution of one of his grand concertos in public, by the entrance of one of the royal family, who, for some time, so engrossed the attention of the audience, that he was nearly unheeded: so he quietly placed his fiddle under his arm, and marched out of the house.

Even our very meals are accompanied by music; and thus, unwittingly, we ape the Hospodar of Turkey, who, the moment he seats himself at table, is greeted by the screeches of an orchestra of thirty or forty unseen musicians, who strike up with their violins, and pau-pipes of fourteen reeds, called *miskals*. These musicians are the people known in England by the name of gipsies, and in France as Bohemians. Immense numbers of them inhabit Moldavia and Wallachia, and are called *Tringans*; some leading a settled life, and some, as elsewhere, wandering from place to place, and not a few of them finding their way to us, to bless our ears with their music, and amuse our eyes with their fantastic and *outré* gear. Well, we bid them welcome; there is plenty of room on this glorious continent for them, and myriads more of their well-disposed brethren. Among the ancients, and even in the middle ages, it was customary to employ professed carvers at table, who were bound to keep time to the music of a band. Carving a huge chine of beef was, of course, accompanied by a grave minuet; but a nimbly-moving jig flew after the flying turkey. Mozart composed a Turkey Waltz, and Haydn the celebrated Ox Minuet: if they had lived a couple of centuries earlier, we would think that they had

dedicated these pieces to the service of the banquet. It must have been droll in those days to hear one guest ask another how he liked the corn-beef minuet, and what he thought of the turtle-strathspey, or the roast-veal hornpipe. But those

good old days are gone for aye and aye. We, too, are favored with music at meal time; but, through carelessness, have never availed ourselves of the opportunity to practise carving according to the laws of musical expression.

THE RESCUED BRIDE.

A Border Legend.

On the bank of the Winooski River is a small mound, near which have been found large numbers of Indian relics. There is a story connected with it, which, as yet, rests in tradition only. In 1704, a bridal party was attacked on the east side of the mountain, by a small number of Indians, put to flight, and the bride taken prisoner. The Indians were pursued by the husband and two friends to this mound, and after a desperate fight, the Indians were slain and the bride rescued.

The moon is down, and the night breeze
Moans fitfully through the vale,
Where the savage band, in their waking dream,
Keep guard o'er the captive pale.
The night is dark as the shadow
That fell o'er the bride that morn,
When the strongest hope of her life's spring time,
Away from her heart was torn

The cold dew moistens the chaplet
Of flowers around her brow;
And the warm tears gush from her o'ercharged heart,
As she thinks of her husband now
The red man tightens his rude grasp,
Half waked by her smothered sigh;
And he dreams of to-morrow's battle dance,
And the tortured captive's cry.

Now the forest leaves are rustling,
But gently as if they were pressed
By a startled hare, as she glides away
From her soft and leafy nest;
But firm is the foot that treads them,
And fearless that piercing eye;
And stout the heart that must conquer now,
Or to save his bride must die.

They start! 't is too late! for a strong arm,
That never was lifted in vain,
Sinks the hatchet, swift as the lightning's flash,
Deep—deep—to each Indian's brain;
One only hath quick seized the captive,
He dashes away on his track;
But the bullet hath pierced his heart to its core,
Ere the wood hears the rifle's crack.

The clouds pass away, and a bright star
Looks down on the joyous pair;
Where, wreathed in each other's fond embrace,
They pour out their thankful prayer;
The whippoorwill trills forth his carol,
The fire-fly starts from his rest,
And a great tear gleams in the husband's eye,
As he clasps his wife to his breast.

The moon is down, and the night breeze
Moans fitfully through the wood—
Where the savage men, of an hour ago,
Lie slumbering in their blood:
But the captive's away to the cottage,
On the bank of the river wide;
Where anxious bosoms joyously greet
The return of the rescued bride!

THE DEFEAT OF CHLOROFORM.

BY SELMAI.

"O where is Lethe's fabled stream?" "Eureka, Eureka!"

"Now, Dr. Sterling, be exceedingly careful; do n't give her but very little."

"Now, Dr. Sterling, be sure you give me quite enough. Make me forget those terrible instruments being anywhere near me. I had much rather take no chloroform at all, than just enough to benumb my moving powers, and make me feel as if in a nightmare, beside enduring the infliction of filling and filing."

It is said, "a bow is an answer for anything." At any rate, the low one which the dentist made to both ladies, seemed to have the magic effect of satisfying their contradictory demands; and without more ado, I took my station in the chair of ordeal, and my good mamma settled herself in a comfortable corner of the sofa.

After inhaling the subtle fluid for a few moments, I gradually lost sight of the figure intent on sorting the instruments of torture; and the little room expanded into a beautifully arranged garden, with walks extending in all directions, luring my not reluctant steps to shady groves, where birds of gayest plumage sported, unafrighted even at my near approach; and "the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume," sighed gently through the boughs. Each turn brought to my delighted gaze some new vista of loveliness.

At length, as I strayed still farther on, the trees clustered in closer groups around my path, and there arose before me a gigantic pile of rocks, almost shrouded in a velvet coat of moss. From a spring near the summit, there issued a little streamlet, that came leaping from rock to rock, till it reached the ground, and then wound its devious course among the trees, over a bed of pebbles white as snow.

Beautiful as this place was, its loveliness was enhanced to me by the discovery of a light female form in the distance; and soon, by its airy and graceful motion, and the peculiar turn of her exquisite head, I recognised my dearest friend, my beloved Aimée. The sound of my voice arrested her steps; and her pretty little greyhound, the

sprightly Fontainelle, greeted me in the most joyous manner.

Arm in arm with my darling Aimée, I wandered on through the now pathless woods, and gathered, as we passed, the

"Violets, deep blue violets,
April's loveliest coronets."

But our curiosity was excited by a tasteful pleasure-house, and we entered to explore its hidden beauties. Ah! fatal spot! Scarcely had we begun to admire the paintings that adorned its walls, or the groups of statuary in its niches, when a sulphurous smoke surrounded us, and the scent of fire was too strong to be disregarded.

We instinctively clasped each other in a closer embrace, and attempted to escape. Suddenly we heard a low cry, and looking up, saw Fontainelle on a burning beam, which seemed about to fall on us.

Aimée called in agony, but my power to speak or move was gone. I looked once more, the beam was coming down. Making a great effort, I pushed Aimée through the open door, and received the blow upon my head alone.

"Selmai! Selmai! oh, she will never look at me again! I declare, Dr. Sterling, you have certainly killed her!"

Languidly and with a feeling of pain I opened my eyes. There stood my poor mother, terror depicted in every line of her face; and there stood the dentist, busy in extinguishing a bit of lint, which her alarm had made him drop too near the lamp which was used to heat water.

"Fontainelle," I murmured.

"Oh dear!" cried the good lady, "she will surely never recover! She is wandering now. Oh, my darling Selmai, why did I consent to your taking that horrid chloroform?"

Roused by her agony, I entreated her to be calm; assured her I was doing well, and begged she would allow the doctor to finish. There could not be much more to do.

"No more chloroform, then," said she.

I looked at the gentleman for assistance, and although he had exhausted all his arguments during my sleep, he withdrew my poor mother to a little distance, and began his task again.

"Now, my dear madam, you know your daughter's constitution is very delicate, and it is of importance to spare her all possible pain;" and he went on, attempting to soothe and convince; but all in vain.

Wearied with the discussion, I turned my head away; when what should I spy, but the bottle containing within its crystal enclosure, the mighty master of pain.

Hurriedly I steeped my handkerchief in its limpid waters, and softly did I restore the phial to its proper place. But the noise of replacing the glass stopper caught the doctor's quick ear, and he returned to his post.

Quieting him with a look of entreaty, I cried out: "Dear mother, I will not ask for any more, but will try to *imagine* I have taken it again, so do go back to your sofa, and do n't come to me till the filling is all done, and Dr. Sterling finishes off, by extracting that great tooth."

"O! my darling child, how good you are! will you really bear it? you shall have that beautiful Arabian to-morrow, if you will."

I could not stand this. "No, thank you, dear mamma, I do not want the Arabian; it will be a heavy expense to you, and then you know he might break my neck in the end."

"Ah! that is true," sighed the fond parent of an only child; and she went to the other side of the room, perfectly delighted with the possession of the bottle of chloroform.

It began to be an effort to me to speak, for I felt much more like saying with Odin's prophetess,

"Now my weary lips I close,
Leave me, leave me to repose;"

and enveloping my face in my handkerchief, my troubles fled, whilst a peculiarly peaceful calm spread over me.

I found myself reposing on downiest cushions in a fairy boat, which floated with the most soothing and delightful motion, over the waters of a little lake, whose tiny waves dimpled and smiled a long "goodnight" to the declining sun, as he seemed to pause on the summit of an adjacent cliff, loath to leave a scene of such sweet beauty.

Clad in their autumnal attire, the hills which cir-

cled round this little lake, might have been apostrophised in very truth, as

"Groups of giant kings, in purple and in gold,
That guard the enchanted ground."

How beautifully and dreamily floated up the soft clouds, each brightening the more as the sunbeams rested on them, into forms of new attraction; as if to entreat the departing glory to prolong his stay!

Lingeringly he descended into the crimson car, which lay ready to waft him to another clime, where, "on the brink of Ganges waits the snow-vested seer," impatient to greet, with burning incense and low-breathed orisons, his glad return.

Slowly faded the glowing tints from earth, and sea, and air, whilst from the distant shore there floated a strain of the sweetest farewell music; which, mellowed by the distance, fell on the ear like the soft murmur of a far-off waterfall.

Homeward flew the few loitering birds to their tree-top dwellings; languidly closed the pale blossom of the water lily, and still glided my little boat over the waters, which now, by the ripples against its sides, gave token of the approaching land.

Just then I saw a white dove, slowly sailing near, and gazing round as if uncertain how to proceed.

I knew my feathered pet, and a faint "Peri" directed its course towards me. Imagine my astonishment, when, instead of perching gently on my hand, as was its wont, the bird flew at me with the greatest fury, attempting to peck my face violently, whilst at the same moment the boat crashed with a startling shock, as if driven on a hidden rock.

"It's out, I assure you, it is out, my dear madam."

And there stood the dentist, pincers in hand; and there stood mamma in amazement at my quiet fortitude. Hardly conscious, my cloak was hurried on, and we took our departure; the dear lady exclaiming with delight, "Now, my darling, your father shall hear of this at dinner-time, and I'll tell him how well you bore it, and he'll laugh, I'm sure, over the defeat of Chloroform. To tell you the truth, I emptied the bottle out of the window, and filled it up with water. I'll make somebody else beside you, the dupe of their imagination, I fancy."

CINDERELLA.

A Fairy Ballad.

BY ANNA MARSH POWER AND SARAH H. WHITMAN.

"Pomp and feast and revelry,
Masque and antique pageantry."—*L'Allegro.*

Full oft the muse, as thrifty housewives do,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new.—*Burns.*

THE night was cold, the skies were bleak,
The ways were dark and dreary,
When Cinderella o'er the fire
Sat hovering, worn and weary.
Neglected in her childhood's home,
She knew no mother's care,
Condemned in youthful loveliness
A menial's lot to share.

Her haughty sisters spend their days
In splendor and parade,
To ball and opera they go,
To play and masquerade;
And, now, while in a palace halls
They join the festal dance,
She lulls her little heart with dreams
And visions of Romance.

The ruddy hearth-fires gleam and fade
Upon the dusky wall,
And on the darkened ceiling
Fantastic shadows fall;
No sound is heard in all the house,
So lonely now and drear,
And e'en the cricket's drowsy song
Falls faintly on her ear.

There pensive by the hearth she sat,
And watched the flickering fire,
Nor saw that close beside her stood
A dame, in rich attire.
When lo! upon her startled gaze
A matchless splendor broke,
As thus, in thrilling words, and low,
The radiant fairy spoke:

"No longer shalt thou moping sit,
Oppressed with gloom and care,
But at the roynl banquet shine,
The fairest of the fair!
Go search; and by the garden wall
A pompion thou shalt find,
And lo, a chariot shall arise
From out its golden rind!

"Down in the cellar's darkest nook,
A rat-trap shalt behold,
Whose narrow space doth stable steeds
Of more than mortal mould!
Behind the moss-grown garden well
Six lizards thou shalt see:
These, with the pompion and the trap,
Go, quickly bring to me!"

And now she sees, with wondering awe,
Six powdered footmen stand,
Six mice transformed to stately steeds,
Beneath the fairy's wand!
At length a glittering car arose
From out the pompion's rind,
While blazing torches flamed before
And footmen swung behind!

Lo! Cinderella's tattered garb,
With dust and ashes strown,
Touched by the fairy's magic wand,
With pearls and diamonds shone!
All woven woof of mortal loom
Her vesture did surpass,
And on her little feet were seen
Two slippers framed of glass!

"Now," said the fairy, "mount thy car,
And to the palace speed,
But as you prize my fairy gifts,
My parting counsel heed:
Should'st thou within the castle gates
Outstay the midnight hour,
Thy gorgeous robes to tatters turn,
My spell hath lost its power!"

She said:—the fiery coursers prance,
Their rattling hoofs resound—
With tossing heads and flying manes
They clear the frozen ground.
The prince, (informed some noble dame
Arrives in matchless state,)
With all his royal retinue,
Receives her at the gate.

With courtly grace the startled child
 He up the stair-case hands,
 And now within the blazing hall
 Sweet Cinderella stands.
 Soon as she stept within the door
 The music ceased to sound,
 And on the softly-perfumed air
 A murmur floats around.

Before her nobles bent the knee,
 And courtly dames cares'd,
 While foremost in the glittering throng
 Her haughty sisters press'd.
 Amid the glittering throng she stood
 Like some wild, woodland flower,
 Blushing at her own loveliness,
 And trembling at its power!

The prince, enamored, claimed her hand,
 And bore her to the dance,
 And oft amid its mazy rings
 She sought her sisters' glance.
 At length upon the castle-clock
 She chanced to turn her eye,
 And starts to see, upon its face,
 The hour of midnight nigh!

Then, swiftly as a falling star
 Shoots through the gloom of night,
 She sprang into her airy car
 And vanished from their sight.

And now, of all her splendor left,
 And all her rich attire,
 Again she takes her wonted place
 Beside the kitchen fire.

But soon she hears a thundering knock
 Resounding through the hall—
 The sisters all come rushing in,
 Ecstasied with the ball.
 All talk at once, and all descant
 Upon the unknown guest,
 And tell of all the courtesies
 She showed them at the feast.

They say that court and city now
 Are ringing with her fame,
 The prince has offered countless sums
 To learn the stranger's name.
 Fair Cinderella, wild with joy,
 Seems little heed to take,
 She only yawns and rubs her eyes
 As if but half awake.

At length, she said: "Ah sisters, dear,
 Would you but let me go
 To-morrow night, a little while,
 With you, to see the show!"
 "With us, indeed! upon my word!
 But understand at once
 That courts and balls are not for such
 As you, you little dunce!"

Part II.

AGAIN the palace halls are thronged
 With many a noble guest,
 And Cinderella, lovelier still,
 Is there among the rest.
 So fast the golden moments fly,
 In rapture and delight,
 She soon forgets to count the hours,
 Nor heeds their rapid flight.

But hark! at length the castle clock
 Sounds from its lofty tower—
 She starts to hear it, stroke by stroke
 Toll forth the midnight hour.
 She fled across the marble floor
 Fleet as the mountain wind,
 But, tripping at the door, she left
 One shining shoe behind.

There, gleaming like a diamond spark,
 The little slipper lies,
 Dropped like a star-flake in the path
 Where some bright meteor flies.
 Breathless, she gains the castle court,
 In terror and dismay,
 With nought of all her splendor left,
 Nor all her rich array.

Her rich array, to tatters turned,
 Hangs fluttering in the wind,
 The mice ran scampering on before,
 The pompion rolls behind!
 The guards, that round the portal wait,
 With startled eyes behold,
 A vagrant leave the palace gate
 And cross the moonlit wold!

And wondering menials stare to see
 The little beggar pass,
 For nought of all her pomp remains
 Except one shoe of glass.
 Next day the herald's trump did sound,
 Proclaiming far and wide,
 That whosoe'er could wear the shoe
 Should be the prince's bride!

From street to street, from house to house,
 The glittering prize they bear,
 But ne'er a lady in the land
 That little shoe could wear.
 'T was midnight ere they reached the door
 Where Cinderella dwelt,
 Who vainly strove to veil her heart
 And hide the joy it felt.

The sisters rushed into the hall,
 And sought, with vain ado,
 To press, and pinch, and crowd their feet
 Into the fairy shoe.
 'Till Cinderella, all the while
 Demurely standing by,
 Now asked the royal messenger
 If *she* might only try.

The meek request, with curling lip
 The sisters tittering hear,
 But soon to wonder and amaze
 Was turned the scornful sneer :
 With perfect ease she strides her foot
 Into the glassy shoe,
 Then, blushing, from her folded vest
 Its little partner drew !

When lo ! soft music filled the air,
 Resplendent lustre shone,
 The fairy comes to claim her charge
 And lead her to a throne.
 And " Ne'er forget, my child," she said,
 " In sorrow's darkest hour,
 That unseen guardians hover nigh
 To aid thee with their power.

" Nor yet, when seated on a throne,
 Neglect my last behest,—
 E'en pleasure's self, pursued too far,
 Shall lose its sweetest zest.
 And ye, proud dames, when all your arts
 And all your flatteries fail,
 Behold how truth and innocence
 O'er *every* heart prevail ! "

THE FADED ONE.

BY BASIL ORMOND.

I MET her first on a calm summer even,
 Gazing on God's fair works, herself so fair,
 The cloudless sun just sinking in the heav'n,
 Darted a bright beam through her golden hair,
 And shed such lustre o'er each faultless feature,
 I scarce could think she was an earth-born creature.

We loved as youthful hearts alone can love,
 With something of a passionate excess,
 But pure her spirit, as a saint's above,
 And all confiding in its tenderness—
 But she is gone, and well I know 't is vain,
 To look for such sweet innocence again.

Why do the lovely pass so soon from earth ?
 Why fades so soon from beauty's cheek the bloom ?
 Do innocence and truth but have their birth,
 To sleep forever in a cheerless tomb ?
 Ah no—methinks thy spiritual eyes
 Beam on me now from evening's placid skies.

The pure in heart can never linger here,
 This world is all too cold, too drear for them,
 Their spirits seek a region far more fair,
 A golden harp, a heavenly diadem—
 Love may mourn o'er the hopes of other years,
 But shed not for the *blest* thy fruitless tears.

Bethink thee that, while o'er thy lonely path
 Lies the cold shade of Sorrow's dark'ning wing,
 While howl life's tempests, terrible in wrath,
 Angels are round thee fondly hovering—
 Thy loved ones, though unseen, still lingering near,
 To put to flight the phantoms of despair.

Oh, tell me not my pleasant vision 's vain,
 I would not have so sweet a dream depart—
 In every breeze I'll hear a spirit strain,
 A long-lost tone that whispers to my heart—
 The voice of some bright being floating by,
 The soft and holy *music* of the sky.

A FOSTER CHILD.

BY MRS. MARY S. B. DANA.

MANY an anxious look did old Juno send forth from the kitchen window; and when at length she spied the advancing train, she ran to the gate with a nimbleness which would quite compare with that of her antiquated spouse on a former occasion. In drove the carriage, down went the steps, and Anna Pinckney flew into the extended arms of her foster-mother, and was clasped to that bosom where, when an infant, she had been so often clasped before. Cæsar, who, though somewhat imperious, was very fond and proud of his wife, hastily brushed away a tear with the back of his hand, and then, as if ashamed of having betrayed the least emotion, he fell to brushing his coat—his usual resort on all uncommon occasions. Dust, however, there was none; for the drops of water had scarcely yet ceased to trickle from the ends of the long-tailed blue.

"Why, my daughter," exclaimed old Juno, as she gazed with delight on Anna Pinckney, "I decla' you is quite a woman! It do my ole eyes good for see you; you know I ent bin see you for some time 'fore we lef' de city, you bin away to school at de naut. God bless you, Miss Anna! I tankful for see you once more."

"And I'm right glad to see you too, mommer," said Anna; "I never forgot you all the time I was gone; did n't you get a great many messages from me?"

"Yes, daughter, bless your dear heart," replied Juno, "I bin git de messages, an' plenty ob presents too. I bin know you nebber would forgit your poor ole nurse."

"Forget you? No, that I never will, dear mommer," exclaimed Anna, bestowing an affectionate look on the old creature which went to her very heart.

Cæsar had stood, patiently waiting till the greeting was over, and Mrs. Heyward now called Juno's attention to the uncomfortable condition of her husband, telling her at the same time that he had narrowly escaped being drowned. Juno looked first at Cæsar, and then at her mistress, and then again at her husband; and, dropping suddenly on her knees, she bent her head, and uttered a slow and fervent "Tank God!" When she arose, she approached her husband, and, in a

voice tremulous from the deep feeling of her heart, she gently requested him to accompany her to the kitchen fire. Dr. Parvin had in the mean time arrayed himself in a complete suit of Dr. Heyward's clothes; and, from all appearances, there was some danger that Cæsar might turn the tables upon him, and take a laugh himself at the doctor's odd equipment.

"You are nicely fixed, Emily," said her friend, as she gazed round with a gratified countenance; "I am sure you need not have given me such a queer description as you did in your first letter. Why I would n't desire a better house than this."

"O," replied Emily, "you ought to have seen it before we reformed it; it was an odd-looking place indeed; but it looks very well now, I will acknowledge, and we never were so happy in our lives; were we, darling?" she continued, appealing to her husband.

"I believe not," he answered, with a gratified smile; "at least I can speak for myself, I never was; and Emily appears equally happy; Emily is an angel, Anna, did you know it?"

"Goodness! no, you do n't tell me so," exclaimed she; "why the angels in this part of the country must be made entirely of flesh and blood, if Emily has become one since she came here. She certainly has gained a good deal of both those articles, and that is all the difference I can see."

"Miss Pinckney," said Dr. Parvin, who at this moment entered the room, "I have one thing to tell you: Heyward is spoiling Emily. He loves her a great deal too well—don't you think so?"

"I am afraid so, doctor," answered Miss Pinckney; "I had not been in the house two minutes before he gave me the curious piece of information that she was an angel!"

"Well done, Heyward!" exclaimed Dr. Parvin, "that's a pretty way to entertain your company. Miss Pinckney, if they are too loving to pay you proper attention, just give me a hint, and I will take you off their hands."

"Very well, doctor, that's a bargain," playfully responded she; "I shall know where to go when I am slighted."

"Who comes here?" exclaimed Dr. Parvin, as

he caught the figure of some one on horseback riding into the yard. "Hang me if it is n't our young friend, Charles Cuthbert! Well, he's a sly dog, I declare; and early on the scent," he added, in an under tone.

Emily shook her finger at the doctor, in a half menacing, half deprecating manner, as much as to say, "You've been beforehand with me, I see; but do n't discover the secret too soon."

"Well, Charley, my dear boy, I'm glad to see you," said the old doctor, stepping into the piazza. Then gently pushing aside Dr. Heyward, who was advancing to meet his guest, he continued: "I mean to be master of ceremonies this afternoon; you know that it is my privilege, here and everywhere, to do just what I please. Walk in, Charles, and let me introduce you—to a splendid girl, and no mistake." The last words were added in a whisper, and were accompanied by a tremendous slap upon the back, which, being totally unexpected, caused the tall slight figure of Charles Cuthbert to advance a little more quickly than he had intended. According to his avowed determination, the doctor took upon himself the ceremony of introduction, which he accomplished in his own peculiar style.

Never were a finer-looking pair brought together than Charles Cuthbert and Anna Pinckney. Tall, erect, though slight in figure, with a countenance distinguished for its intellectual expression, and a manner gentle, though commanding, young Cuthbert was the pride and delight of the neighborhood. The deep jet of his hair and eyes contrasted finely with the whiteness of his noble forehead, and around his beautiful mouth the smile of benevolence was ever playing. Yet there was an expression of firmness upon all his features, without which their delicate outline might have appeared almost effeminate. His complexion was usually pale, though the glow of his warm southern feelings often called a color to his cheek, on which, whenever he smiled, a beautiful dimple might be seen, which many a girl had envied. He had chosen the legal profession; and having just completed his studies, and entered upon his public career, he was daily winning laurels by his surpassing eloquence. Such was Charles Cuthbert, the idol of the little community in which he moved.

And Anna Pinckney—how shall I describe her whose ever-varying countenance changed with every shade of thought? She was beautiful—all knew it—all felt it—yet it was a beauty most difficult to describe. Dark hair too, and eyes, were hers, a rich color in her cheeks, and a complexion almost brunette. She was rather above the middle height, with a fine, full bust, and altogether a matchless form. She was habited in deep mourning for an only brother, who had died about a

year before. Such was Anna Pinckney, one of the loveliest of Charleston's lovely daughters.

"I invite you all to take tea with me to-morrow evening," said Dr. Parvin, as he rose to depart; "come early, and bring your best spirits with you, for I mean to have lots of fun."

The next morning Anna Pinckney rose very early to enjoy the refreshing country air. After taking two or three turns up and down the spacious piazza, she ran across the yard into the kitchen, where she was certain of finding her dear old mommer. There indeed she was, with a blazing fire and all the preparations for breakfast going on at a rapid rate.

"Bless your heart, my dear child," exclaimed the old woman, "de fus one you tink ob in de mornin is your poor ole mommer. De Lord bless you; dat's jis like ole times."

"Well, mommer," answered Anna, "who deserves it better? But come, now, I want you to tell me about your master and mistress, and all about yourself and daddy Cæsar too. How do you like living in the country, and what sort of people have you about here? Tell me all about it."

Thus interrogated, old Juno commenced a circumstantial account of all that had occurred since they reached their present abode, not forgetting to dwell with deep and unaffected pathos on the long and dangerous illness of her beloved master.

"O, my daughter!" said she, "I wish you could bin see Miss Emily, 'e was the picter ob despair. Tank God for sabin Mass Henry at las'." She likewise assured Anna that they were very happy, and then they had such pleasant neighbors. "You bin see one of dem las' night, I b'liebe," said she, looking at Anna from the corners of her eyes.

"Who, mommer, who is it you mean?" asked Anna.

"Why, enty 'e call yer for see you las' night?" said Juno. "One de elegantest, smartest, sweetest young gentlemen I eber see."

"Do you mean Dr. Parvin, mommer?" asked Anna innocently, "he was here last evening."

"Now, Miss Anna!" said Juno, suddenly ceasing from her work, and looking in Anna's face, "you know berry well I ent mean him. I mean Mass Charles."

"What Charles?" inquired Anna, in the most natural tone she could command, while a conscious smile played around the corners of her mouth.

"Law! Miss Anna! Mass Charles Cuthbert," answered Juno, rather impatiently; "you bin know who I bin mean all dis time."

"O, Mr. Cuthbert!" said Anna, "how was I to know you meant him?"

"Psha! you bin know well nuf," muttered

June, as if to herself; "well, how you bin like um, my daughter?"

"O, well enough," answered Anna, carelessly, "I can't tell much about him on so short an acquaintance. But mommer, if I sit here talking to you all the morning you'll never have breakfast ready, so goodbye;" and away she tripped into the house.

As I have said before, Anna Pinckney had early been misfortune's child. She had never known a mother's care, yet had she never, no, not for a single moment, been neglected. An older sister had supplied, so far as such a thing is possible, a mother's place, and she had been the idol of a doting father and an only brother. So she had never been a prey to "feelings unemployed," which must, sooner or later, consume the very vitals of their unfortunate possessor. When Anna's mother died, she was too young to know her loss. Alas! the self-same hour beheld the father and husband clasping to his bosom his new-born and beautiful daughter, and his dying and still beautiful wife. Yet he sank not beneath the blow. His duty to the living was not forgotten in his sorrow for the dead. He buried not all his affections in her grave whom he had loved so well; but turned, though with an aching heart, to pour out the full tide of his softened and purified feelings upon those to whom she had given birth. And well had God rewarded this effort of paternal love. It is sweet to all, it would have been sweet to him, in the extremity of his sorrow, to revel in its indulgence; but he who can arise from the dust with submission to the hand which has laid him low, receives strength from Heaven, and the blessing of that God who does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men.

Never had the truth of that word which promises comfort to the mourner, been better tested than in the case before us. For long, long years the bereaved family enjoyed the most delightful interchange of domestic love; but there came another blow, and the only son and brother—the pride of his father's heart, and the delight of his affectionate sisters—he too was called away.

Again, by the grace of God, while they were shedding tears of agony around his silent corpse, they were enabled to say, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." To Anna this was a dreadful bereavement. Her brother, who was just four years her senior, was her adviser and her friend; he superintended her studies and her recreations; in short, they seemed but to live for each other, enjoying all the pure and exalted feelings and advantages of that peculiar tie. Ah yes, who that knows the importance of a brother's watchful love will not believe me when I say,

that of all that mourning family, Anna's loss was the greatest?

Undoubtedly, there was no anguish like the anguish of his father's heart. His only son—the bearer of his name—the representative of his family—the being to whom he looked as the prop and comfort of his declining years—to lose such an one, just at the moment when all the cherished hopes of years seemed about to be realized,—who can paint the overwhelming desolation of such a blow? Experience alone can teach the heart what it is, and such experience may God avert from all my readers!

But to return to Anna. As she stood near her dying brother, he gently drew her down, almost lifeless from her sorrow, and his last whispered words she could never for a moment forget. As he gave her his parting embrace, he whispered, "Anna, my sweet Anna, be cheerful when I am gone—comfort my poor father." "I will, my brother," she faltered out, "so help me Heaven!"

And nobly had she redeemed her pledge. In the midst of a subdued and silent sorrow, she never lost sight of her promise to her dying brother. When her father and elder sister seemed paralyzed by the crushing blow, refusing to be comforted, because *he* was not, she arose, like the bright star of hope, and pointed them to consolations to which they could not close their eyes. How wonderful was the change in Anna Pinckney! In a few short hours she seemed transformed from the simple, playful girl, to the matured, cheerful, and reflecting woman. Traits of character, hitherto lying dormant, now brought into action by circumstances, astonished all who knew her. It needed but the pressure of stern adversity, to give to her character its last finish. It was now one of almost perfect symmetry.

Dearly as she had loved her brother, after his death she appeared quite cheerful; and thus she cheered, insensibly, her mourning father and sister. Indeed, it was her self-sacrificing love for him, and for them, which prompted her to the effort, and ensured its success. It were well for us if we could ever do likewise.

It was now near evening, and the old family-carriage stood at Dr. Heyward's door; and while the ladies are arraying themselves for their social tea-drinking at the "dear old doctor's," let us take a curious glance at the spacious vehicle.

Not glittering in a showy dress of paint and varnish was that old substantial carriage. The still bright rays of the declining sun were shining upon it, and, though it gave back no reflected brightness to dazzle the beholder's eye, it had a most cheerful look—ay, and a look of comfort too. The sunshine, while it revealed more distinctly the ruthless ravages of time, seemed like a smile upon

the homely, furrowed face, of an old, familiar friend. No tinselled ornaments, no fantastic hangings, met the eye; it had a look of by-gone times; and many a pleasant memory did the sight of it bring to the minds of those who had known the family in their more prosperous days.

Old Cæsar, in all his dignity, occupied the driver's seat; and though, ever and anon, a suspicious movement would suggest the idea that he might be on a visit to the land of dreams, his sudden start, his eager curiosity to ascertain whether the house, the kitchen, the well, and the stable, still occupied their proper places, and his laudable desire to remove from his clothing every particle of dust,—gave ample evidence, as he thought, to the contrary.

Hercules was the footman, *pro tem*. He lay on the pole, under the body of the carriage, and, thinking it a sad waste of time to be unemployed, had commenced practising a tattoo with his heels upon the empty vehicle, when he was brought to a sudden pause by the information, conveyed in Cæsar's most authoritative tone, that it was high time he knew how to behave better; that he ought to be ashamed of himself; and, moreover, that he was the greatest plague upon the face of the earth.

Dr. Heyward was promenading the piazza, when Emily appeared. After taking two or three turns together, they began to wonder what had become of Anna, who had always been celebrated for the rare virtue of punctuality. She was the only lady of his acquaintance, her father was wont to say, who never kept him waiting—though the older daughter maintained that Anna's praise ought not to be accompanied by such a wholesale slander upon the sex.

After the lapse of a few moments, Emily concluded to go and seek her friend, saying, as she went, "I ought to have gone before; perhaps she needs my assistance in dressing." She found Anna seated in the lap of her old mommer, busily engaged in talking; and so entirely had she been absorbed, that she had not even commenced making her toilette.

"Well, really!" exclaimed Mrs. Heyward, "if this is n't a pretty joke! Here are you and mommer telling secrets, and we have been waiting ever so long, and wondering what had become of you." But seeing the traces of tears upon Anna's cheek, as she sprang hastily from Juno's lap, she looked, with concern, from one to the other, as though she wished, yet feared to ask, the reason.

"We bin talkin, Miss Emily," said Juno, "bout Miss Anna's brudder; and she bin say——"

"Hush, Mom Juno," hastily interposed Anna, "never mind what I said;" then seeing that her friend Emily looked a little surprised, she con-

tinued, "Mom Juno has been asking me if I had not discovered a likeness in—in—in Mr. Cuthbert to my dear brother."

"And have you not noticed it, dear Anna?" asked Emily; "we think it is at times very striking."

"O yes," replied Anna, in a trembling voice, "when he smiles, the likeness is wonderful. But I am ashamed to have kept you waiting; I shall be ready soon." Juno and her mistress exchanged glances and smiles, and Juno nodded her head, as much as to say, that the signs of the times were very encouraging. She then proceeded to assist Anna in the task of dressing, which was speedily accomplished.

The party at Dr. Parvin's was small and select. Major Maxwell, a fine-looking widower, and his son Edward; Mary Williams, one of the doctor's pets; Mrs. Henry, and her son Thomas; and several others, were brought up, and separately introduced to Anna Pinckney. Charles Cuthbert and his sister Jessie had, of course, been invited, but they had not yet arrived.

It was observed that the eyes of Edward Maxwell turned often towards the road; and he likewise appeared to have frequent calls to the window, where he would stand drumming a tune on the glass; but he was not so entirely engrossed in his musical studies that he could not, from time to time, look up the road in a certain direction, with an anxious and protracted gaze.

"Do you see her, Ned?" inquired Dr. Parvin.

"See who, doctor?" asked Ned, in return.

"Oh! ah! hem! anybody you please," said the doctor, "I'm not particular." The guests exchanged smiles, and Edward blushed scarlet, and walked away from the window.

"Here they come!" exclaimed the unmerciful old doctor. "I thought so, Ned. You know the old proverb, a watched pot never boils; I thought they would not come while you watched for them."

Edward looked teased, and thinking the doctor was only going on with his jokes, he did not move, or venture even a look towards the window. A moment after, however, he heard an exclamation of alarm; and, looking round, he saw, through the open door, a horse running furiously along the road; and, O horror! upon that horse he recognised the well-known form of his beloved Jessie Cuthbert.

One spring, one bound, and Edward was in hot pursuit. Overturning Dr. Parvin, and several of the ladies, who were hastening to the door, he sprang into the yard. Seeing at a little distance a turn of the road for which the horse was steering, he flew across the garden; and giving one leap over the zigzag fence, he stood in front of the frightened animal, as he came dashing along with his precious burden. Edward did not attempt to seize the bridle, but, with wonderful self-possession, he

called out, "Turn him up to the fence, Jessie—turn him up to the fence." The lovely girl, brought to herself by the calmness of his manner, instantly pulled upon the right-hand rein, and her horse obeyed the signal. Thus checked, he heard the voice which called out "whoa!" in a tone of command; and, by the time he had reached the fence, Edward had one hand upon the bridle, and with the other he held Jessie firmly in her seat, that she might not be thrown off by the sudden halt.

It was nobly done, and well was he rewarded; for, as Jessie sank fainting upon his shoulder, he heard her softly breathe the words, "My dear Edward!" Long, long after, did they ring in his ears, those few honest words of deep affection, for which he had hitherto listened in vain. With a pale face, and a fluttering heart, he stood supporting the now reviving girl; and it was with a mixed feeling of pleasure and pain that he delivered her into the arms of her brother, who came up at this moment.

"God bless you, Edward!" exclaimed Charles Cuthbert; "I have no words to thank you."

Edward could not speak: but taking the extended hand of Charles, he gave it a squeeze which caused his young friend almost to writhe with pain. The interesting trio were soon surrounded by the whole company, who had, as usual, a thousand questions to ask as to the how, and the why, of the late perilous adventure. Dr. Parvin, especially, *would* be made acquainted with every circumstance, even to the private feelings of those most interested. "How did you feel at this moment, and at that?" he would ask, till Charles Cuthbert began to think he was carrying the joke a little too far. The doctor also expatiated largely on the sufferings brought upon himself by the impetuosity of Edward, as he rushed into the yard; and it was curious to observe how worried and yet how pleased the young hero and heroine looked.

Just at this moment old Cæsar came up, having perceived that the danger was over just in time to slacken his pace, and avoid the mortification of being caught on a full run. "Ki! Massa Edward!" he exclaimed, as he wiped the perspiration from his shining face, "'e bin *you* ketch dat hoss? How in de name ob de ole Harry you bin git yer befo' me? Great fros! I bin yerry Mass Henry one time tell Miss Emily dat lub bin hab wing; I tink now 'e mus be true, cos I sho you mus be fly yer."

A loud laugh from the doctor followed this poetical flight of Cæsar's; but a stern look from Charles Cuthbert seemed to say, "No more of *that*, sir, if you please." Drawing his sister's arm within one of his, and offering the other to Anna Pinckney, he walked away, with more of

pride in his stately step than was quite natural.

"Humph!" said Dr. Parvin, "the general leads the way,—I suppose we must follow." Then, turning with a patronizing look to poor Edward, who stood disconsolately leaning against the fence, he said, "Never mind, my boy, I'll help you out, and we'll fix him yet; you must excuse him, though, for being so careful of his pretty bird; you know he has the sole charge of her, and must watch her well."

"Proud upstart!" muttered Edward, "if he were not *her* brother, he should answer for this!" Then, turning to the doctor with a sigh, he led the way, while the rest of the party proceeded leisurely to the house.

It will readily be perceived that Edward dearly loved Jessie Cuthbert. He had loved her long. His father and hers had been most intimate friends; they lived on adjoining plantations, and from their earliest years the young people had been much together. While Jessie's brother was away at college, it was very natural for Edward to accompany, in her rides and walks, his gentle neighbor.

Edward was the only child of a wealthy planter—a man of fine, generous feelings, but, unfortunately, as is too often the case with such men, he was too much addicted to the pleasures of the table. It is the free and noble heart which is most apt to lead its possessor into danger, and to fall when temptation comes. Your stingy, calculating, matter-of-fact men, are, for the most part, strongly guarded by their selfishness; but your open-handed, free-hearted fellows, have no such wall of entrenchment.

Left a widower soon after the birth of Edward, Major Maxwell had never again married, but devoted himself to the care of his planting interest, to his own enjoyment, and that of his handsome son. Nothing that wealth could procure was withheld from Edward. He had never been sent to school or college; his father could not bear the separation; but a private tutor had been provided, and the selection was a most fortunate one. Had it not been for this, poor Edward must have been ruined; for, inheriting his father's generous disposition, with the ability to gratify every childish whim, and with no check upon his impetuous feelings, the culture of his moral and intellectual nature was in danger of being wholly neglected. But although his worthy tutor had not been able wholly to overcome the pernicious influence of a father's example, he had succeeded in instilling into Edward's mind the right principles of action.

With regard to Edward's father, it is enough to say, that in consequence of indulging in the daily habit of drinking wine,—moderately at first, it is true,—he had become that mournful wreck

of all that is noble and good—an intemperate man. Charles Cuthbert knew this ; for although, with a spark of fine feeling that still remained, the major secluded himself from all the world when under the influence of his frequent potations, it was very well known that his habits of intemperance were becoming more and more confirmed. Ah ! if the drunkard suffered alone, he might be allowed to brutalize his nature, and hurry himself to the grave ; but how many fond hearts must suffer with him !

The death of Jessie's father took place just as Charles had completed his college course, and he had hastened home to take charge of his estate, and to act the part of a father to the young and lovely being now thrown upon his care. He was not long in discovering that an attachment existed between Jessie and Edward. Knowing the father's failing, and the ardent, excitable nature of the indulged young man, he felt a reasonable fear that it would not be safe to entrust his sister's happiness to Edward's keeping. This will account for his stern and proud demeanor when old Cæsar delivered himself so poetically on the subject of love.

For the rest of the evening it was a little more than the doctor could do to restore a healthy tone of feeling. Edward was piqued, and stood in a corner of the piazza, apart from the rest, industriously picking to pieces a young multiflora vine which was the boast and pride of Mrs. Parvin ; Jessie was sympathizing with her lover ; Charles Cuthbert was divided between his fear of having done Edward an injury and his fear for his sister's happiness ; Anna Pinckney was detecting likenesses on Charles's face, and struggling to keep back her tears ; Major Maxwell was feeling a sort of caving in about the region of the stomach, for want of his usual tonic ; Mary Williams and Thomas Henry could not whisper together because the rest were so silent ; Mrs. Henry was wondering what it all meant ; Dr. and Mrs. Heyward were devising the best method for breaking the silent spell ; Dr. Parvin could not get anybody to twig his jokes ; and Mrs. Parvin was revolving in her mind whether it would seem unkind to request poor Edward, with whom she sympathized most keenly, not to ruin her beautiful multiflora.

T O ———.

Written after a Dream at Noon-Day.

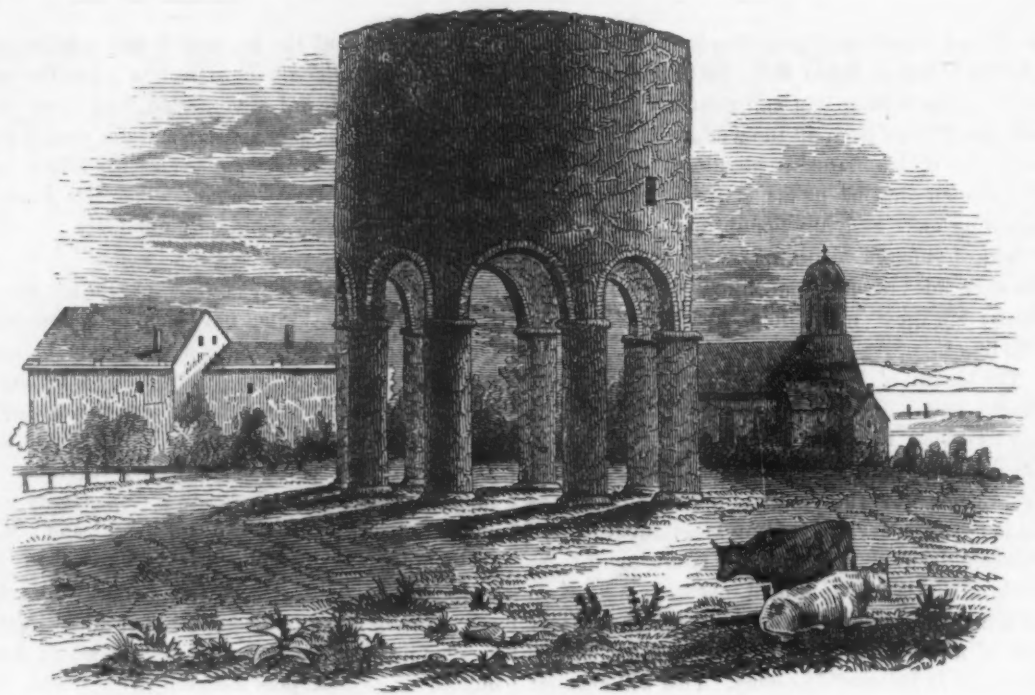
BY J. H. BIXBY.

" ——— sleep brings
My love to me in dreams which scarcely lie
Oh ! all but truth, and lovelier far than truth !
Let me have dreams like these, sweet Night, forever,
When I shall wake no more."—*Festus.*

SHALL I ne'er see thee but in dreams, thou dweller in my heart ?
O, would that I could look once more upon thee as thou art !—
Have one brief hour of bliss with thee, my being's light serene—
That thou, my bride, wert by my side, as in my slumber seen !

Would I might kneel again to thee, and clasp that lily hand—
That I might speak to thee the words my soul could not command,
Save in her dreaming heretofore ; but could I see thee now,
Unbound the spell—my lips should tell—my heart should breathe its vow !

This dream of bliss I'd whisper thee. Ah ! years would not suffice
To tell what but the *memory* of, makes life a paradise !
Then be thou mine, as I am thine for evermore to be ;
For, heart from heart, Death cannot part—Love lights Eternity.



A FORTNIGHT AT NEWPORT.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

From the middle of July until the first of September, Newport is at its flood-tide of gaiety and fashion. All parts of the Union, all classes of men, women and children, all peculiarities of individual character, have their full representation, and *studies* abound. It is a general remark, that persons learn more of each other from travelling together, for a short time, than from long and intimate acquaintance in the routine of ordinary life; and this remark applies with equal force to a temporary sojourn at a watering place. Thrown off their accustomed track, seen in the light of new circumstances, people daguerreotype themselves when they are least aware of it, and at moments when they think least of sitting for their portraits, which, of course, are not always from the most favorable points of view, and therefore, to me, not the most pleasant.

A lady, not long ago, assured me, that the White Mountains were becoming more *fashionable* every year, and I was about to repeat her remark with regard to Newport, which really seems every year to become a more favorite resort. Ornamental cottages, built in the most perfect taste, are springing up in various parts of the

island, and for three or four months in the year they are the residences of some of the most distinguished families in the country, while the transient visitors who come to Newport for a few weeks or days number many thousands. The beach is unrivalled in its hardness and beauty, above all, in its safety, and from ten to twelve o'clock in the morning, it presents a most lively and exciting scene. The bathing costume, which is frightfully unbecoming, is fortunately an effectual disguise, and the gay groups that issue from the bathing-cars, and bound with white feet over the sparkling sands to "wanton with the breakers," seem like unknown genii from the coral caves. A gentleman remarked to me, in view of those who came dripping from the foam of the sea, that hereafter he renounced his belief in the old Greek fable of the origin of Venus. In the afternoon, the scene on the beach is scarcely less animated. Its smooth, hard surface forms a most delightful drive, and splendid equipages, and vehicles of all descriptions, equestrians and pedestrians, give it great variety and life. Unlike most other watering places, however, the attractions of Newport are entirely independent of the thou-

sands who annually seek health or pleasure in its delicious air and its white-crested waves. Notwithstanding the almost entire absence of trees, the scenery of the island is remarkably picturesque. The undulating fields are covered with luxuriant grain, the cows and sheep feed upon the hills, the cliffs rise dark and frowning upon the shore, meeting unmoved the impotent fury of the angry waves, and around lies the all-embracing sea, restless as the heart of man, mysterious as its desires, and boundless as its aspirations. Aquidneck, the Indian name of the island, which signifies the *Isle of Peace*, seems particularly well-adapted to this beautiful spot.

"Hail, pleasant isle! as freshly shine to-day
The sky, the beach, the breaker, and the bay,
As when, slow curling o'er the oak-wood's green,
Miantonomo's council-smoke was seen,
And in these waters bathed their locks of jet,
Thy dusky daughters—old Metanamet!
Though gone thine ancient name—thine ancient race—
Not yet is fled the genius of the place.
Though the pale settler's axe, and war's rude hand,
Have felled the sylvan monarchs of the land—
And though a skeleton, the sycamore
Moans in the wind and finds his leaves no more—
Though the light deer no more thy green sward tread,
And many a song of olden days is fled—
Yet there 's a glory haunts thy sapphire sky,
Thy emerald slope and swell, not soon shall die."

So sings the poet who has made his home here, and whose sweet notes reach us from time to time, like the mysterious music of Pascagoula, which he has so well described. Newport was formerly the residence of many Jews; and the Jewish burial-ground, with its classic entrance, sculptured with the inverted torch, is a prominent feature of the town. The synagogue, however, has been closed for some time. The Redwood Library here was one of the earliest founded and best selected in the country; and although it was greatly injured by the English while the island was in their possession during the revolutionary war, even now the scholar may devote himself with great advantage to its dusty volumes. Not far from the town is Tonomy or Tammany Hill, which was strongly fortified by the English, and the form and boundaries of the old entrenchment are yet visible. The name is a vulgar abbreviation of Wonnumetonomy, who was the resident sachem or governor of the island at the time it was purchased by the first settlers, and whose wigwam was situated here. The Aquidnecks, or original natives of the island, were conquered by the Narragansetts some time before the settlement of Plymouth, and remained tributaries to them until the white inhabitants took possession of it. Newport is rich in romantic and historic associations. A few miles from town is Vacluse, a most lovely villa, built some years since by an English gentleman of fortune, who gave it this

name from the real or fancied resemblance of his woes to those of Petrarch. His, however, were not "*melodious tears*," and, consequently, he has not "given himself to fame." Beyond what is called the Second Beach, is a vast chasm in the rock, known as Purgatory. Within this gloomy abyss the water is said to be fathomless, and the spectator is thrilled with horror as he gazes over the black depths that seem yawning to engulf him, and where the sea howls like some angry monster. One legend attached to this place is, that through it the great Adversary, once upon a time, returned to the infernal regions, and a more appropriate place for his exit could not be conceived. It is also celebrated as the scene of a lover's leap. The tradition runs thus: A beautiful and capricious heiress, rambling on the cliffs with her lover, demanded, as a test of his devotion, that he should leap across the abyss. He accomplished the feat, but it placed between the lovers a chasm far wider than that of Purgatory, for from the bank he had miraculously gained, the lover made his particular parting compliments to the lady. A singular incident is recorded in the early history of Newport, which comes down well authenticated, and which loses none of its interest from the seventy or eighty years that have transpired since it occurred, and which have failed to throw any light on the mystery. The farmers and fishermen one morning discovered a vessel under full sail, with her colors flying, making rapidly towards the shore, which, at that point, was considered inaccessible. The inhabitants gathered in crowds upon the beach, expecting, every moment, to witness the destruction of the vessel, which seemed guided by unseen hands, and which, gliding between the rocks and billows, at last reached the shore in perfect safety. No one appearing on the deck, she was boarded. Coffee was found boiling on the fire, and every thing seemed to be prepared for the breakfast of the crew: but with the exception of a dog, no living thing appeared on board of her. There had been no storm on the coast, the vessel was in good condition, and to this day there has been no satisfactory conjecture as to the fate of its crew.

Two or three miles from Newport is the house built by the celebrated Berkeley, and occupied by him during his residence in this country, and to which he gave the name of Whitehall. It is a modest, unpretending cottage, standing some distance from the road, and beneath a hill which commands an extensive prospect of the island and the ocean. The reason he gave for not choosing this site in preference to the one he did, was, that the view, constantly before him, would have given him far less pleasure than the occasional enjoyment of it, stopping, as he always did, on the summit of the hill, when he left or returned to his house. His object in coming to this country,

as is well known, was to found a college at Bermuda, for the education of the original "Native Americans." The English government had made a large appropriation for this object, and Berkeley embarked, in the year 1728, with a corps of scientific and literary men. Having lost their way for some time in a dense fog, when it dispersed they found themselves in Narragansett Bay. On landing, Berkeley determined to make this island the seat of his institution. After waiting patiently for two years to receive the promised appropriation, he was finally obliged to return, and to abandon his benevolent scheme. Not far from the house he occupied, are the hanging rocks, gigantic masses which overlook the sea, and in one of the clefts or alcoves of which he composed his "*Minute Philosopher*." In my recent visit to the house, the worthy farmer who is its present owner told me that he had great difficulty in keeping the old mansion in repair; that he had had serious thoughts of tearing it down, but that a gentleman came there one day, a *furriner*, who said that the man that tore down that house ought to be *hung*, upon which he drew back to reconsider the case. Berkeley, on his departure, presented to Yale College the house, and farm consisting of one hundred acres, together with a library of a thousand volumes. The organ of Trinity Church, still in use, is also his gift.

The English had possession of the island three years, from the commencement of the Revolutionary war to the autumn of 1779. During this time they cut and consumed all the ornamental and forest trees, with many of the valuable orchards; and, contrary to the usages of civilized nations, they carried away the town records.

Newport, at this period, was the chosen resort of the opulent and educated; and in colonial importance, second only to Boston. Many of its inhabitants were from the aristocratic families of England, and it was regarded as the centre of fashion, refinement and taste. In the summer of 1780, the French fleet and an army of six thousand men arrived at Newport, under the command of Admiral de Ternay and Count de Rochambeau, and vivid are the pictures which remain in the imaginations of the daughters and grand-daughters of the beauties of that day, of the dinners, balls and fêtes in honor of our gay and gallant allies. The admiral died soon after his arrival in Newport, and his remains still repose in Trinity church-yard, beneath the monument of black marble once inscribed in letters of gold, which was sent over by his unfortunate king.

On the northwest side of the island stands the house which was occupied as the head-quarters of the English commander, General Prescott. The harbor was filled with the enemy's ships,

and the island with their troops: but Colonel Barton, of Providence, formed the bold resolution of capturing the general. A dark night was chosen for the enterprise: and with a few volunteers the gallant colonel embarked in a small boat, and with muffled oars they noiselessly made their way to the shore. They reached the general's house, silenced the sentinels at the door, surprised the general in his bed, and giving him only time to put on his small clothes, without shoes, coat, or chapeau, they assisted him very rapidly through the rye fields that lay between them and the water; and while the drowsy sentinels of the English fleet cried "All's well!" they passed under their bows, and safely regained the opposite shore. The general, taken thus ingloriously, lingered in confinement until he was exchanged for a prisoner of equal rank.

Newport has been the birth-place and residence of many distinguished men. General Greene resided here for many years with his family, and the mansion he occupied is still pointed out. The gallant Perry was born and educated here, and a monument erected by the state marks the place of his repose. The eminent Dr. Stiles, afterwards President of Yale College, was for many years pastor of the Congregational Church in Newport; as was also the venerable Dr. Hopkins, the founder of the Hopkinsian sect. The Rev. Arthur Brown, afterwards President of Trinity College, Dublin, was born and educated here. The lamented Dr. Channing was also a native of this island. He thus describes the influence of its scenery, in his own chastened and earnest eloquence:

"In this town I pursued my theological studies. I had no professor to guide me, but I had two noble places of study—one was yonder beautiful edifice now frequented as a public library, the other was the beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with the worship of this place—my daily resort; dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm. Seldom do I visit it now without thinking of the work which there, in the sight of that beauty, in the sound of those waves, was carried on in my soul. No spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in prayer amid the tempest; there, softened by beauty, I poured out my soul in thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of the power within. There, struggling thoughts and motives broke forth, as if moved to utterance by Nature's eloquence of winds and waves. There began a happiness surpassing all worldly pleasures, all gifts of fortune—the happiness of commencing with the works of God."

Nor are the Arts without their representatives.

Stewart, Malbone, Allston, were either natives or residents of the island. It is said of Malbone, whose exquisite miniatures are so valued, and whose celebrated work, *The Hours*, is still the pride of his native town, that going to London for the purpose of improving in his profession, he was presented to West, who after examining some of his miniatures, inquired for what purpose he had come to England; and when Malbone replied, to perfect himself in the art of painting, he answered, "Sir, you can go home again; for a man who can paint such pictures as these, need not come to England for instruction." It is pleasant to know that the reputation of Newport, as far as the fine arts are concerned, is not likely to degenerate. Stagg, a most promising and successful young painter, already approaches Malbone very nearly in excellence of coloring and delicacy and force of expression. The late Baron of Kinsale was a native of Newport. In the early part of the eighteenth century, the younger brother of the Baron of Kinsale emigrated to America for some private reasons, and fixed his residence at Newport. He came with small means of support, which being exhausted, he was obliged to become a day-laborer, in order to obtain subsistence. It is probable that he married here, though from the destruction of the records it is impossible to determine. His eldest son was bound an apprentice on board a merchantman belonging to this port, and was serving in the fore-castle when the news of his uncle's death reached him. By this event he became Premier Baron of Ireland, with the hereditary privilege of wearing his hat in the royal presence. He retained a strong attachment to his native land; and no Rhode Islander, to his knowledge, approached within fifty miles of his residence without receiving an invitation to his hospitable mansion; and the worthy captain to whom he was apprenticed, received from him annually a cask of wine until the period of his death.

Any sketch of Newport which did not include a particular account of the Old Stone Mill, would be like the play, with the part of Hamlet left out. This singular edifice has excited more curiosity, interest, and speculation, than any other remain in our country. Although it may have been used as a windmill, there is every probability that it was erected for some other purpose; and various are the conjectures as to what this purpose might have been. No similar structure is to be met with in any section of our country. Had the

English found it here, it would seem that they would have made some allusion to it; and had it been erected subsequently, so singular a piece of architecture could scarcely have failed to excite a passing notice. The most reasonable suppositions with regard to this relic of another age, are, that it was either of ante-Columbian origin and built by the Northmen during their visit to this New World, which it is now generally admitted that they made, or it was erected for a fort by traders who might have visited the island previous to its settlement in 1638. A particular description of this structure has been transmitted to the Royal Society of Antiquarians at Copenhagen: and from this, Professor Rafn, one of the most learned antiquarians of Europe, in an article of great ability, has aimed to prove its Scandinavian origin, and to identify it with similar edifices erected in the north of Europe previous to the twelfth century. He says, "There is no mistaking, in this instance, the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the north and west of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century; that style which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, which in England is denominated the Saxon, and sometimes the Norman architecture. From the characteristics of the ancient structure of Newport, I am persuaded that all who are familiar with old Northern architecture, will concur that this building was erected at a period not later than the twelfth century." The learned professor next brings forward three ancient edifices in Denmark belonging to this period, and also a structure among the ruins of Mellifont Abbey, which in the general principles of their construction bear a strong resemblance to the Old Mill. He goes on to prove that Bishop Eric made a voyage to the shores of Narragansett Bay in the early part of the twelfth century, and that while there he probably erected the building in question, as a portion of a church or monastery. He supposes, that after the thirteenth century the Northmen gradually intermixed with the aborigines, as was the case at a later period in Greenland, and that they lost all traces of the civilization they had inherited from their ancestors, as the connection with the mother country was forgotten.



A SKETCH.

BY MRS. R. S. HARVEY.

THE day had been hot and sultry, even beyond the usual fervor of that glowing clime; but the sun was now sinking to his bed of radiant light, and the cool air of the desert was wafting its refreshing influence to the thousands of Israel whose tents, in simple but beautiful order, whitened the extended plain.

On one side rose the majestic mount, whither the high priest had so lately ascended, at the solemn summons to put off alike the earthly and the priestly garment; but, though its towering grandeur seemed a fitting emblem of Almighty power and justice, another object in the scene proclaimed, in more familiar tones, the recognition of His presence, for there burned the holy flame which consumed the offering of the devout and lowly worshipper—thence issued the sacred voice which directed the footsteps of the host! This was the tabernacle, placed, by Divine command,

in the middle of the camp; yet, though carefully guarded by the two thousand measured cubits from any unhallowed or irreverent approach, each tent was arranged to face towards it, and each household, however remote, might mingle their ascriptions of love and praise with the smoke of the evening sacrifice, as it ascended from the consecrated spot.

At the door of his tent, to inhale the welcome breeze, sat Eliab, the son of Helon, and at his feet reclined his only daughter, a girl on whose brow but seventeen summers had left their impress. The faces of father and daughter were strikingly alike: both were cast in the finest mould of Jewish beauty; but, while the brow of the elder was slightly knitted, and the composure of his features deepened almost to sternness by an air of cherished sadness, the young countenance was flushed with the bright hue of hope;

and the dark liquid eyes beamed through their long lashes with an expression so fervent, yet so chastened, that their rays seemed glorious!

For a long time the girl gazed silently on the scene around, apparently drinking in the solemn beauty of its tranquil features: at length her glance rested on the face of her father, and, changing its character to one of tender interest, she took his hand in hers, and touched it caressingly with her lips.

"Thou'rt sad to-night, dear father! Dost thou yet feel so deeply the loss we have sustained? for, though bound to thee by ancient friendship, and long-tried sympathy, all Israel mourns alike the departed worth and wisdom of the beloved high priest."

"No, daughter, no! it would be utter selfishness to grieve that one so full of years and honors has gone to his reward—to mourn that a frame worn with high cares and duties, and a spirit often vexed and weary with a rebellious people, has found rest and peace; and, what is more blessed still, pardon!"

"What then, my father, is the spirit of evil again rife among us? and has thy faithful heart been wrung to witness the ingratitude of the people of the Lord?"

"No, Zipporah! the camp was never more harmonious than now; the prospect of a speedy possession of the promised land is now realized and trusted in, and, in view of it, petty grief and privations are disregarded—petty jealousies and bickerings have ceased!"

"And are we then so very near to Canaan?" returned Zipporah, in a tone whose fulness spoke the swelling heart within. "Oh, bright and blessed land!—rich gift of a gracious, forbearing Parent, to faithless and provoking children! How will its beauty and fertility delight our eyes!—how will its abundance banish every memory of the wilderness, save those which awaken fresh gratitude to Him, who hath led our footsteps through it, like a flock!"

The old man's face grew sadder; but he murmured, gently, "Fervent young worshipper! mayest thou ever be thus!" There was a pause—a pause in which the internal struggle seemed too deep for words—and then he resumed, aloud: "It was on such an eve as this, thirty-eight years ago, that our envoys returned from searching the promised land: high-wrought expectation sat on every countenance—every ear was strained to

catch the first syllable, that was to confirm or scatter our hopes; but oh, what a tumult of agitation succeeded the calm!—what a sea of human passion was soon raging about us! In vain the princely Joshua, and the noble Caleb, stood forth to repel the torrent—in vain they held up the rich clusters of the bright fruit they had gathered, and cried, 'The land which we passed through, to search it, is an exceedingly good land—a land that floweth with milk and honey!'—In vain they rent their garments, in horror and deprecation of the unbelief which stirred the unholy tumult.—Bitter disappointment had sickened the brave; distracting fears had overwhelmed the timid; the indulgence of one wild passion made entrance for another; and soon the hoarse, deep cry, arose, 'Stone them with stones!'"

"But thou, father, thou!"—said Zipporah, appealingly,—“full well I know that thou wast faithful to the sacred cause, and to thy well-loved friends! Methinks I hear thy tones in the persuasive eloquence for which thou art so justly famed, falling like oil upon the troubled waters, calming their angry flow, and leading back a humbled and repentant people to their allegiance!"

The venerable Eliab covered his face with his robe, and gave way to a burst of emotion, so acute, so agonizing, that it seemed more like the lively emotions of youth, than the calm and measured pulse of age; but his daughter sat pale and still, appearing rather a beautiful statue than the earnest, animated being she had been so lately. Her cheek was cold and colorless, and life seemed to have suspended its functions in the amazing grief of learning that her honored, revered parent, had been numbered among the murmurers!—nay, more—that the irreversible sentence still hung over his head, "Ye shall surely die in the wilderness!" Gradually her hands folded themselves upon her breast, her head bent meekly over them, and, dropping on her knees, she poured out the first great grief, which had bowed her young heart in silent, secret supplication. Then she arose, and, encircling her father's neck, whispered, "Grieve no more, beloved parent, thy penitence is accepted, and thy sin transferred to Him, whose perfect offering our daily rites do but shadow forth; and, though no earthly Canaan bloom for thee, what is that desired rest but the type of that better land, whose brightness shall know no decay, and whose peace shall be unbroken by sin, unembittered by remorse?"

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

A Ballad from the German of Schiller,

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. LITTLE.

UPON his roof's high battlement
He stood, and gazed with thoughts content,
Out over Samos' subject isle :
"All in this land bow down to me,"
To Egypt's king thus boasted he,
"Grant I'm a happy man the while."

"The gods, who once thine equals were,
Have yielded thee their fostering care,
And still sustain thy sceptre's might ;
But one yet lives, revenge to seek—
My lips no glad assent may speak,
While thy stern foe doth see the light."

Ere yet the king the words had spoke,
A messenger upon them broke,
Sent from Miletus' tyrant there :
"My lord, let sacrifices now
Smoke on the altars ;—wreath thy brow
With laurel, 'mid thy god-like hair !

"The spear hath found thy foeman's heart,
And Polydore bade me depart.
And bring to thee the welcome tale !"
Forth from a vase of black he drew
A head, which they with horror view,—
It bears the foeman's visage pale !

The king recoiled in dread surprise :
"I warn thee, trust not Fate !" he cries,
With looks of deep anxiety ;
"Remember, on th' uncertain waves,
From whose wild storms no foresight saves,
Thy fleet is still exposed at sea."

While yet he thus expressed his doubts,
His speech was checked by joyful shouts,
Which from the haven loud resound.
Like a tall forest, now appear
The masts of vessels drawing near,
With treasure filled, and inward bound.

This much amazed the royal guest :
"To-day 't is Fortune's high behest
To favor thee, but yet I fear
Her instability. The hosts
Of warlike Crete approach thy coasts,
And soon we may expect them here !"

The words had scarcely passed his lips,
When flags were waving on the ships,
And thousand tongues cried "Victory !
Our land is rid of foes accursed—
A storm the Cretans has dispersed ;
The war is ended by the sea !"

With dread these cries inspired the guest :
"In sooth I must esteem thee blest,"
Said he ; "and yet for thee I quake.
The envy of the gods I dread,
For well I know 't is truly said,
Of unmix'd joy shall none partake."

"With me 't was once as now with thee ;
In all my acts of sovereignty
The favoring heavens still led me on ;
But then I had a darling child :
I saw him die, with anguish wild ;
Fate's debt was paid—my heir was gone.

"If thou would'st shield thyself from pain,
From the Invisible obtain

By prayer some fortunate mishap.
Ne'er have I seen to end with joy,
Those whom the gods, without alloy,
Thus nurse on Fortune's downy lap.

"But should the gods not condescend
To grant thy suit, then heed thy friend,
And call misfortune unto thee;
Of all thy treasures, what thy heart
Most loves, with that I bid thee part,
And cast it from thee in the sea."

The other, moved with fear, replies,
"Of all the isle affords, I prize
This ring as my most valued good,
And to the Furies dedicate,
If they 'll forgive my lucky fate,"—
Then cast the jewel in the flood.

With the next morning's early light,
His face with pleasure beaming bright,
A fisherman drew near the prince:
"My lord, this fish I just have caught;
Methinks its like were vainly sought—
'T will serve my duty to evince."

But when the cook the fish divides,
Perplexed, he comes, with hasty strides,
And cries, with blank, astonished look,
"My lord, this ring, which erst I saw
Thee wear, from out the fish's maw,
Unbounded fortune! I just took."

The shuddering guest now turned away:
"Then, I can here no longer stay;
My friend, thou may'st no longer be;
The gods thy ruin have decreed,
I hasten not with thee to bleed,"—
He said, and shipped right hastily.

IMPROMPTU.—TO MARY.

WHEN the hour of day is past,
When the twilight gathers fast,
When the dew is on the flower,
And the Mavis in her power;
When the fays their tapers light
For the revels of the night;
When all life is calm and still,
And the passions cease to thrill:—

In that quiet, holy hour
Thoughts of thee renew their pow'r,
And amid the moonbeams' haze
Come the scenes of other days;
And a murmur, soft and clear,
Steals upon my inward ear;
Murm'ring, with light tones and airy,
That sweet word—the sweetest—Mary!—W. M. N.

SONNET.—TARPEIA.

BY MADAME ANGÉLIQUE D'AUBIGNÉ.

"Give me the bracelets that your warriors wear,"
The Roman traitress to the Sabine cried,
"Give me the toys, and I will be your guide,
And to your host the city's gates unbar."
Then to the walls each eager warrior rushed,
And on the base Tarpeia, as he passed,
Each from his arm the massive circlet cast,
'Till her slight form beneath their weight was crushed.

Thus are our idle wishes. Thus we sigh
For some imagined good yet unattained;
For wealth, or fame, or love; and which, once gained,
May like a curse o'er all our future lie.
Thus in our blindness do we ask of Fate,
The gifts that, once bestowed, may crush us with their
weight.

THE BIRD-TRAP;

Or, Two Ways of Viewing the Matter.

(See the Engraving.)

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"This is a hard world—hard even to the happiest among us—when we have once left the sunny works of childhood behind us. It seems to be a fixed decree of Providence, that the world, in which Sin has found entrance, should produce no flower on which the serpent has not left his poisonous trail. It is, doubtless, a wise provision, and perhaps we ought to consider it a merciful one also; for, so strong is the capacity of the human heart for happiness—so ingenious is it in devising schemes of enjoyment, even within the narrow limits which now bound its powers of attainment—that, were it not for the brooding shadow of Death's dark wing, men would make a new Eden, and ask no other Paradise than this green earth, with its multitudinous harmonies and beauties. It is a hard world, and it may be, that the sorrowful experiences of a life which men call a prosperous one, has given a tinge of gloom to my tenderest sensibilities; for, I must confess, that I look upon children with the sadness growing out of mournful anticipation, rather than with the cheerfulness which their innocent mirth should excite."

The speaker was a man but little past middle age; but he had the bowed form and pallid cheek of a habitual invalid. He was rich in the world's goods, but he was a lonely being, and he had left his luxurious home for a season, in the hope of finding health beneath the humble roof of a cottage. His physician, a stern-browed, but kindly-hearted man, whose face had become furrowed, and his manners roughened, by a long sojourn amid the harsh realities of rustic life, while his mind, like some rich vine which had sprung up in a waste place, ripened its fruit none the less carefully because there was no one to pluck its treasures,—sat beside the sick man, watching the changes of his moods, and observing, as only the skilful physician can do, the mental, as well as physical evidences of disease. From the little latticed window of the apartment, both had been looking out upon the sports of some healthy and

happy boys; and it was in reply to some expression of hearty sympathy with the merry fellows, from the good doctor, that the invalid had uttered his melancholy repinings.

"I am glad to differ from you, my friend," said the doctor, after a moment's pause; "there is nothing so refreshing to my weary spirit as the sight of children at play. Many a time, when returning from my daily round of visits to the sick and the dying, I have checked my horse, as I approached the old school-house, to look upon the frolics of the boys, as they bounded out of their temporary prison. Nor do I believe, that when God cursed the earth for man's sake, he designed to inflict so wide-spread an evil as you seem to behold. Man must eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, and thorns and thistles may grow up in places where once bloomed Eden-flowers; but had pain and toil and misery been man's only portion, there would have been no rest for the weary, no blossoms by the way-side, no fruits wind-sown or wave-tost on every desert island. Life is a scene of probation, but not necessarily one of perpetual hardship. God's care is still over all His creatures, and, to account for much of the misery of life, you should accuse man, rather than his Maker. It is

'Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.'

"Yet this inhumanity seems implanted in us by what we heathenishly call nature. Look, for instance, at those boys: they have left their harmless sports, and are busily employed in making a snare for the innocent birds. See how earnest one little fellow is in fixing the bait, while the other is as eager to do his part, and is bringing the trap-door. Already those young hearts contain the germs of passions which disgrace humanity. Cruelty and avarice and selfishness are all brought out,—painted, as it were, in miniature upon the yet unsullied souls of those thoughtless boys. It



W. C. Smith R.A.

M. Osborne

THE BIRD TRAP.

Engraved by John H. Peto

is an even chance whether the Future may destroy the incipient vices, or whether they may not grow in crimes."

"Suppose I were to prove to you that those very boys are actuated by the best feelings of humanity?"

"Impossible!"

The doctor uttered the low chuckle, which usually served him instead of a laugh, as he said: "Suppose I were to prove to you that domestic affection, and chivalric devotion to woman, and humanity, were all portrayed in miniature by the very act which to you wears so different an aspect?"

"It would require a greater casuist than you are, doctor, to convince me of such an absurdity."

"Then listen to the facts of the case: Your kind little nurse, Mary Evelyn, is their only sister; and if you had been well enough, since your residence here, to mingle with the family, you would have seen their devotion to her, which is really remarkable. Their mother, who died about a year ago, had a favorite canary, which she had reared in a cage, and this bird became Mary's especial pet. Her affection for her lost mother made the little creature almost sacred in her eyes, and she would as soon have thought of neglecting her duty to her brothers, as of forgetting to provide for her bird. This morning she was feeding him, when you called for something, and she flew to wait upon you, forgetting to close the door of the cage. On her return, the bird was gone. She searched for it in all directions, and when she found it neither answered her call nor came for its food, she, like a true woman, sat down and cried. The boys were at school, and she has been waiting the long day through for their assistance to bring back the truant. They have just re-

turned, and were in the midst of their frolics, when I saw her come out and speak to them. You did not notice the sudden change that came over their gayety, as they listened to their sister's sorrowful tidings; but I saw an instant expression of prompt energy pass over their features, and they immediately set to work to construct a snare which might entrap the errant canary. They are doubly provided, for they have set open the cage, in the hope that the bird may seek his old home when he becomes weary of trying his feeble wings; or, if he should not have the bump of *locality* developed in his *cranium*, they hope to entice him by means of his appetite. Such are the facts,—now tell me if they have not exhibited *humanity*,—for a night in the woods would be death to a cage-bred bird;—and *chivalry*,—for although they cannot put lance in rest for the sake of a distressed damsel, they have done their devoir with penknife and twine;—and *domestic affection*,—for they have sympathised most heartily with their sister's griefs? I might go farther, and point to you the unselfishness with which they instantly gave up their own pleasures; and, —"

"Pray say no more, my dear doctor, or I shall be compelled to look upon a paltry bird-trap in the light of an altar consecrated to all the virtues of the heroic ages. I grant that you have made out your case in this instance, but you do not surely expect me to apply such sentiments to all the little rascally bird-snarers that infest the country?"

"By no means; I only want to give you a 'modern instance' of the 'old saw,' that 'circumstances alter cases;' and to convince you that there may be *two ways of looking at every thing*."

T O ———,

On Receiving a Present of a Barrel of Pippins.

WHEN first the Serpent tempted Eve,
He watch'd his chance to slyly slip in
(Nor said to Adam, "By your leave")
The tempting bait—a golden Pippin.

What apple served to carry out
The wily tempter's wicked plan?
A bright fall Pippin proved, no doubt,
Enough to cause the fall of man.

One apple only from the tree—
Whence knowledge sprang, of good and evil,
Sufficed to seal man's destiny,
And give a triumph to the devil.

But thou, with most benign intent,
To win my love, and circumvent me,
Of goodly fruit large store has sent,
For well thou know'st, one would not tempt me.

NO MORE!

Words and Music by Mario A. Vaselli.

Moderato.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with treble and bass staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' The lyrics are: 'They smile, and say my grief will cease, Ere dies the fa - ding Spring, That tears will fall, and soon a - gain My joy - ous laugh will ring. I an - swer not, but in my heart I'.

They smile, and say my grief will cease, Ere dies the fa - ding

Spring, That tears will fall, and soon a - gain My

joy - ous laugh will ring. I an - swer not, but in my heart I

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a single staff, while the piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the melody. The score is divided into several systems. The first system contains the first line of the melody and piano accompaniment. The second system contains the second line. The third system contains the third line, which includes the tempo marking 'Allegro.' above the piano part. The fourth system contains the fourth line. The fifth system contains the fifth line. The sixth system contains the sixth line. The seventh system contains the seventh line. The eighth system contains the eighth line. The ninth system contains the ninth line. The tenth system contains the tenth line. The eleventh system contains the eleventh line. The twelfth system contains the twelfth line. 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mourn the days now o'er. I feel too well that in my heart their

Spring shall bloom no more! I feel too well that in my heart their

Spring will bloom no more!

But when my life is ended,
And all my sins forgiven,
If e'er I reach that blessed place,
I shall find peace in Heaven.

But, only there—and not in life,
There's peace for me in store,
I know that joy on earth, to me
Returns—oh! never more!

THE FLOWER SPIRIT'S ADIEU.

(See the Engraving.)

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

ADIEU! for the frost-king is coming again,
And cold is his touch, and ruthless his reign;
Adieu! for I know by the wild wind's sigh,
That the hoary old tyrant himself is nigh.

He has come in his armor of sleet and rime,
He has come like the Northmen of olden time,
To conquer and reign in a stranger land,
With a heart of steel and a ruthless hand.

The flowers I have nurtured and warmed with my breath,
He will blight and destroy, like the Angel of Death;
He has come in his armor of sleet and rime;
Adieu! I must fly to a sunnier clime!

But over the mountain and over the plain
I'll wave in the spring-time my sceptre again;
For the frost-king will go to his northern clime,
He will go with his armor of sleet and rime.

Sad mother! 't is thus with that infant of thine,
That, blighted, I saw on thy bosom recline—
The spring-time will come, with its life-giving breath,
And the flower shall bloom, though the victim of Death

THE CHOSEN TREE.

BY ESTELLE.

"I'll choose this tree for mine!
When I'm afar, if thou would'st learn my fate,
Look on it—if it flourish or decline,
Such destiny, believe, will me await!

"At the return of spring,
See, if its leaves come forth all fresh and bright;
List, if the robin in its branches sing
A carol gay—then know my heart is light!

"Come in the summer days,
And visit it, and sit beneath its shade;
Seek its cool shelter from the noontide rays,
Nor let it thy forgetfulness upbraid.

"And when with autumn's blast,
Its golden-tinted leaves abroad are hurled,
Look, if its trunk be hardy to the last,
For such will be my courage through the world.

"Watch it, dear friend, for me!
'T is bending now, to catch the water's tone!
The wave, perhaps, may whisper to the tree,
Of him, who blends its thriving with his own."

And then, his name he graved
Upon the bark, and turned his steps away—
And o'er the river, still the branches waved,
And still the stream flowed on, from day to day.

And she, as years went by,
Oft wandered in her walks to that lone spot;
But to her questionings came no reply,
The waves were mute, the breezes answered not.

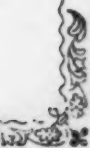
Dreamer, where art thou now?
The axe has hewn thy tree, but not destroyed—
Rough hewn, perchance, thy fortunes. Where art thou?
In what far land dost wander, how employed?

The sympathetic chain
Of friendship, ever circles thee around,
And by its strong, magnetic power, again
Thy image to thy chosen tree is bound.

For still thy friend of old,
Is watching o'er thy visioned destiny,
Bound by her promised word, her faith to hold
In this, thy speculative prophecy.



ou?





J. Wood, pinx.

T. Doney, sc.

The Spirit of the Flower

Printed by Powell & Co.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE; Delineated in a Series of Sketches of Prominent Females mentioned in Holy Scripture. By Clergymen of the United States. Illustrated by eighteen characteristic steel engravings. Edited by the Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D.D. *New-York*: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

The superlatives of past years will hardly suffice for the gift books of the present season. Unhappy critics must make interest with some word-coiner of unusual fertility, for the supply of new terms of commendation to keep pace with the efforts of our publishers. Paper grows smoother and heavier, print clearer, gilding richer, binding more elegant and substantial, as each holiday-season casts its shadow before. What would have been, some ten years since, a diminutive duo, with one poor picture, and marbled edges, is now a magnificent quarto, weighing half a dozen pounds or so; and so heavily gilded, that one is prone to refer a part of the ponderousness to the precious metal. This quarto is further graced with as good a binding as can be made in this country, deeply stamped with a wreath of holly—the most beautiful and significant of English evergreens. Who has forgotten Southey's pleasant verses about the holly?

"And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly-leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly-tree?"

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng—
So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
More grave than they,
That, in my age, as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly-tree."

As to the literary portion of the work, the names which grace the list of authors speak for themselves:—Dr. Wainwright, Dr. Sprague, Bishop Burgess, Dr. Muhlenburg, Dr. Cheever, and a host more. The plates are unusually good. The face of Judith comes nearer to our notion of that fierce lady's looks than any pictured ideal we have yet seen; Athaliah is a most queenly vixen; Abigail a matronly beauty, conciliating and discreet in her countenance and her behaviour; Jezebel looks a great deal too good to be eaten; and the Queen of Sheba, and the fair Esther, should change names, to our thinking. Hannah is almost as fine a tragic figure as *Rachel*, the French actress, we mean, not the lovely daughter of Laban, who is here made to look the very personation of grave modesty. The artist (Staahl) excels in the graceful disposition of drapery, and has a particularly good hand at *coiffures*. Altogether, this book is a beautiful book, and will maintain its place in the throng of published wonders for 1849.

THE SKETCH BOOK. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Illustrated by Darley. *New-York*: G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

The Sketch Book is one of the pleasantest companions for all moods and seasons that we know of; and we should have

esteemed it a fortunate thing to possess it in clear, elegant type, and on glossy paper, without other pictures than its own words so magically paint, had we not seen Mr. Darley's illustrations. These are designed with such taste and judgment, and with so careful a regard for the true spirit of the stories, that they give an additional pleasure to the perusal of the book. "Rip Van Winkle Awaking" is one of the best of the sketches; the dilapidated condition of the old man, and his bewildered air, with the accompaniment of the wild Catskill scenery, are quite admirable. The two sketches accompanying the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" are full of character; and the portrait of Ichabod Crane harmonizes entirely with Irving's quaint description. Mr. Darley has shown in these illustrations a talent for design, which will lead him to still greater triumphs in the future. The volume is one which does honor to the American press; and we hope it will be followed by others, in a style of equal richness and elegance.

THE FEMALE POETS OF AMERICA. By Thomas Buchanan Read.

The Female Poets of America can have no reason to complain that their claims upon the public attention have been disregarded. This is the second large volume devoted especially to their service, which has yet appeared, and a third and larger will soon be given to the world. Mr. Read's book is got up in very beautiful style, and the selections, though limited in number, are chosen with taste and discernment; but the main feature is the series of portraits engraved from sketches made by the poet-artist himself. The engravings are of unequal merit, and do not, by any means, do justice to the original pictures. The head of Mrs. Osgood, on the title-page, is very beautiful and spirited; and we think Miss Lynch, Mrs. E. C. Kinney, and Mrs. Ellet, particularly fine. The poem is, perhaps, the most beautiful specimen of illumination which has been made in this country; and its rainbow splendors are well deserved by the grace and beauty of the poetry.

WREATHS OF FRIENDSHIP. By T. S. Arthur and F. C. Woodworth. *New-York*: Baker & Scribner.

This is a tastefully-illustrated gift for the young, with stories adapted to the unfolding of the dawning intellect. The matter is moral and useful reading, containing nothing that indicates much grasp or force of mind, but nevertheless has its object and purpose. Books of this kind might be made to answer and fulfil a higher mission than they do in reality, and yet preserve their same purity of purpose. Paul and Virginia, the Swiss Family Robinson, and Robinson Crusoe, are examples. We are glad to see these evidences of proper attention to such works; the authors are neither below nor above their subjects. The Introductions to the Poems are well written, and the latter selected with discrimination and taste. Both of the editors are men of rare talent, and we imagine that they make such sacrifice of time from a sense of duty rather than from a love of seeing themselves in print. To have one's labors loved by the young, is a labor of love indeed.

CALAYNOS.—A Tragedy. By George H. Boker. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

We have read this volume with not less surprise than pleasure. The dramatic form is in some respects the highest expression of the poetical faculty, and all attempts heretofore, by native authors, with the exception of Willis's Plays, "The Spanish Student," and one or two other works, have been very unsatisfactory in character. It was therefore not without some fears, that we commenced the perusal of "Calaynos," although the promise contained in the author's previous volume prepared us to expect much from him. From the opening scene, however, there is an evidence of bold, vigorous, and matured power; the language is singularly compact, and marches with an assured step, which the reader instinctively feels will not flag on the way. The style is manly and dignified, without much ornament, but with a directness and simplicity which is quite refreshing in these days. It reminds us very much of the early English dramatists, and if Mr. Boker has drunk at that fountain of inspiration, he has at least gained a large share of their earnest and sturdy utterance. The plot of "Calaynos" is admirably adapted for tragedy; the characters are few, and the story is developed without much complication. This would be disadvantageous to its representation, but better qualifies it for closet perusal.

"Calaynos" will give Mr. Boker a distinct place among American authors, and if he continues to walk in the path which he appears to have marked out for himself, he will achieve works which will do high honor to our literature. The narrowness of our space will not permit us to give any extracts from his tragedy, but we would recommend all who are interested in the progress of American literature, to procure and read it.

THOUGHTS OF A LIFE-TIME. By Caroline Gilman. James Munroe & Co.

We trace the display of considerable poetic power in this volume. The offspring of the poet's thought are of her parentage, and not adopted children. What is good is her own, and that is a matter of some merit in these days. The ballads please us most for their simplicity and truthfulness, but there is a quiet tenderness in the other poems, which must ever constitute an element of the highest poetry. This volume will attain a wide circulation, for the reason, that what it contains reflects the spirit of the authoress. We hope and trust, that the mind which sends forth these images of her high being, may ultimately reach the last round of the ladder leading into the heaven of thought.

LAYS AND BALLADS. By Thomas Buchanan Read. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Read's first volume of Poems, which appeared about two years ago, established his reputation as a poet, and since that time his course has been steadily onward. He has not only won an honorable place among the authors of America, but the proofs which his later verses give of a fresh and vigorous fancy, matured thought and the warmth of genuine poetic impulse, justify us in predicting for him a fame as lasting as it is well-deserved. The volume before us contains many poems, which express so truthfully and with so much pure and natural pathos, a portion of American life which has not heretofore received the consecration of song, that they will be welcomed and cherished by thousands to whom they are a voice and an interpretation. We allude to those delicious poems, entitled: "The Stranger on the Sill," "The Deserted Road," "The Brickmaker," "The Light of our Home," "The Land of the West," &c., which illustrate the rural life of this country. The "Realm of Dreams" has a rhythmical flow which comes like music to the ear; and this, we may remark, is a peculiarity of Mr. Read's poetry—it seems to have been written to chime with some melody in

the brain. The nerve and vigor which he has gained within the past year or two have not marred this faculty, but given it a better and more enduring character. We should like to quote a very beautiful song, entitled "The Nameless," were our space sufficiently extensive, but our readers will find it at page 96, in the volume.

ALBAN THE PIRATE, A ROMAUNT OF THE METROPOLIS.

By Wm. Wallace, author of "The Gods of Old," etc. New-York: Berford & Co., 2 Astor House, 1848.

We have read this poem with much gratification, and find it to contain some striking evidences of genius and poetic talent. We cannot fully approve of the design, and our investigations of the sentiment which is the burden of the poem do not enable us to accord entirely with the author's views. Heroizing a martyr to any great and noble cause, is a legitimate mode of commemorating virtue, and of encouraging if not producing moral reform; but a victim to his own crimes and a pledge to the laws of the land is not a proper subject for such laudation. ALBAN, in the poem, was for a length of time a pirate upon the high seas, and his repentance could not *legally*, according to the code of any nation upon earth, expiate the crimes which he then committed. He also perpetrated a crime subsequent to his repentance, which although in some feverish sections of our country might have been adjudged justifiable homicide, was nevertheless manslaughter, at least, by our laws. This we mention to show that, in our opinion, he was not the proper subject for even the limited amount of heroism and sympathy which is bestowed upon him. Although these complaining hints which we have thrown out may be considered faults in the design and tendency of the poem, we regard them rather as the result of over-ardor in the cause which the author has espoused. The style of the poem is concise, forcible, and glowing with the impress of a bold and vigorous imagination. Passages of it are perhaps superior to anything Mr. Wallace has yet produced, if we except the "Gods of Old." We have space but for the following lines, which embody Alban's remembrance of his mother; they are exceedingly touching and beautiful:

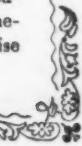
"Yet, some good left, the boy remembered still
His mother's voice and his relaxing will—
Her words of love, that fell like fragrant flowers
When south winds waken in magnolia bowers—
The evening walk—the evening prayer—his blind
Sense of some awful sorrow in her mind,
Wildering his childhood: these were not forgot,
But flowed like Kedrons in a desert spot.
Shall they not gleam in olden strength again,
Lift the dead flowers and purify the plain?
What though he knows that mother's guilt and shame?
Man! soiled or bright, a mother is the same!
So dark or fair the rain's parental lake,
Back to their source—the filial showers take:
So dark or fair the sweet moon rolling by,
It is, it is the only moon in all the sky!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL, AND OTHER POEMS. By Wm. B. Tappan. James Munroe & Co.

There is matter in this little volume, well adapted to minds of a riper growth than those of Sunday School children. The author is well known as the writer of poetry of a higher grade, and he has not, in this instance, forsaken the path which leads the reader into regions where the aspect adorns and solemnizes life. The custom of talking "baby-talk" and nursery nonsense to children is passing away. To the developing mind a higher, and gradually heightening standard of excellence should be presented, instead of that dead level of mediocrity which keeps the intellectual faculties stationary and inactive. Mr. Tappan has written apparently with this fact in view, and observed that exact medium in the display of his ability which requires the exercise of a rare art to preserve.



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THE UNION MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1848.

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

THE FLOWER SPIRIT'S ADIEU. Painted by J. Wood. Engraved by T. Doney.
THE BIRD TRAP. Painted by W. Collins, R. A. Engraved by M. Osborne.
FASHIONS. Engraved by W. S. Barnard. Colored by T. P. Spearing.
THE OLD TOWER AT NEWPORT. Engraved by P. Loomis.
ELIAB AND ZIPPORAH. Engraved by B. F. Childs.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHIONS.

Robe of taffeta, of some sober color; plaid is frequently worn; short mantle, fitting closely to the bust, and with sleeves three-quarters length, broad fringe of lace at the bottom, and in front; hat of dark velvet, trimmed with the same material and with a bouquet of roses.

The boy's dress in this plate is a new and very graceful style, which has lately been introduced; and may be had in various patterns at the establishment of G. A. Bradbrook, 297 Broadway, N. Y.

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